GARIBALDI AT

CAPRERA

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GARIBALDI'S HOUSE.

GARIBALDI AT CAPRERA.

BY COLONEL VECCHJ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

WITH

PREFACE BY MRS. GASKELL.

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PREFACE.

COLONEL VECCHJ, the writer of the following narrative, was one of Garibaldi's companions in arms; and, as the reader will see, was admitted on the most free and familiar footing to the privacy of his domestic life. As a proof of the esteem in which the Colonel was held by Garibaldi, it will be enough to mention, that his portrait hangs in the General's room, at the head of the bed, beneath a frame containing a lock of the noble "Anita's" hair, and between the portraits of two others who had shared with him in the dangers through which he has passed; one of whom fell at Melazzo, and the other on the Volturno.

There are few in any part of the civilized world that are not more or less acquainted with the public career of the man who by his valour and his patriotism has enabled Italy to lift her head once more among the nations of Europe, and opened out to her the prospect of a fresh career of glory; but I do not think that any one has yet written so full and minute an account of his habits and mode of life in his home at Caprera, as that given in these pages, which I know may be relied upon in every particular.

Perhaps the feelings of admiration which the Colonel so artlessly expresses may appear to some overstrained; but they are completely in unison with those of many, both in Italy and England; and only serve to confirm the impression of the deep influence which Garibaldi unconsciously exerts over all who are brought into contact with him.

The Italian narrative, of which this is a translation, was written solely for Colonel

Vecchj's own pleasure, as a record of a very happy and interesting time. When the question of its publication first arose, it was necessary to refer to Garibaldi himself for his permission; and it was only granted on one condition, that any pecuniary advantage arising from its appearance in English might be devoted to a cause which the General has much at heart: namely, the Schools which the Philanthropic Association of Ladies at Turin are seeking to establish in the Neapolitan dominions, at the instigation of Garibaldi, who believes that the best method of raising the character of the people is by conferring on them the benefits of a wise system of female education. Several schools are already organized for girls, who are taught the elementary branches of instruction, and are partially clothed and fed: and to increase the requisite funds for this purpose is the great wish of General Garibaldi.

It will, perhaps, be desirable to make the

reader understand who the several individuals named in the narrative are.

Monsieur and Madame Deideri belong to Nice, and took charge of Teresita, the only daughter of Garibaldi, when his wife died. Monsieur Deideri has been a friend of the General's from his childhood. He was formerly a merchant at Rome, but retired on an income of from five to six thousand francs.

Nino Bixio—brother of Alexandre Bixio, who was Minister of the President of the French Republic in 1849—may be considered as the only Lieutenant-General of Garibaldi's who is worthy of the rank. He has a great deal of energy, simplicity, and keenness; as well in parliament as on the field of battle. He can make a plan, and if necessary revise it, whilst the others can merely execute their orders. The General fully returns his affection, and he deserves, and possesses, the esteem of the Italian Government. Fruscianti is a native of Terni, who served as a soldier

under Garibaldi in Rome in 1849; and afterwards followed him to Nice, and to Caprera. There he lives completely the life of a colonist, working hard from dawn to sunset; part of his work being to instruct Garibaldi in all the more difficult branches of gardening; such as pruning, grafting, &c. He superintended the erection of the walls, which stretch for miles, girding in all the cultivated parts of the island; and it is to him that the wild donkeys owe their celebrated names, such as Pio Nono, given them out of the contempt for the priesthood which he feels. Garibaldi is fond of him, and often laughs at his oddity. Specchi is the brother-in-law of Salvi, with whom he has sung at the opera-houses of Paris, London, and New York. In 1848, he left the stage from patriotic motives, and enrolled himself as a private soldier. He followed Garibaldi to New York; but when he learnt that the General had bought some property at Caprera, he quitted the United States and turned colonist, or rather took to a

life of hunting and fishing, to add to the stores of the frugal household.

At other times he lives at Millesimo, a village amongst the Maritime Alps, where he commands a regiment of chasseurs. He has the information of a man who has seen a great variety of life; and adds to it by constant reading. Stagneti, like so many of those who fought under Garibaldi at Rome, followed him to New York; but returned to Italy in 1857, and established himself at Caprera. Carpeneti was the Sardinian Consul-General at Tangiers, who received Garibaldi into his house in 1849. The year following he was put on the retired list, with his full salary continued. He is a great favourite at Caprera, and himself is completely devoted to Garibaldi.

Basso belongs to a mercantile family at Nice. He was brought up as a sailor, and was second in command on the General's ship at Canton. He is a capital shot. When Garibaldi started for Marsala, he chose him

for his secretary, as he writes a remarkably good hand. During the whole of the campaign, he was like the General's shadow.

Dr. Riboli is an Italian phrenologist, who was living at Caprera in January, 1861, in order to examine Garibaldi's head, on which he published a pamphlet.

Adolph Wolff is a Bavarian; who, at the first call of danger, left his home in London, and hastened to Garibaldi's side, where he fought nobly, till the end of the campaign. At the time of which Colonel Vecchj writes, he was paying a farewell visit to the General, before his return to England. Menotti, Teresita, and Ricciotti, are the children of Garibaldi.

GARIBALDI AT CAPRERA.

WHO can visit Caprera without emotion? When, after leaving the port of Maddalena by the strait of Moneta, the vessel approaches the rock which forms the elbow, and so to say defends Porto Militare, the pulses of the visitor are quickened by emotions more easily felt than expressed. He is about to step on a shore made illustrious by the highest human excellence, and he feels his thoughts softened, elevated, and enchanted. Even at the distant point where the boat lands, perched amid great lumps of granite rock, that little white house is visible, an object of deep affection to how many human creatures! Within, dwells an exceptional, I might say an almost superhuman being. It is the den of the Italian Lion. It is the refuge of the friend of man-

kind. It is the fountain-head of all that is noble, generous, and holy. It is the oasis of peace of Giuseppe Garibaldi !

At ten o'clock in the morning of the 24th January, 1861, I ascended the heights from the shore by a road made by the track of a cart and the foot of man. On the left hand was an uncemented stone fence about three feet high, which protected the cultivated fields and grass slopes from the destructive teeth of the wild goats, donkeys, cows, and the General's chargers turned loose. Teresita had recognised me from above, and had called her father, and both, surrounded by the dogs, came to meet me. I pressed the hand of one and embraced the other with a love that was reciprocal. We exchanged our news and proceeded to the house. As we approached, our voices and the joyful barking of the dogs gave animation to the lonely place. The windows of the house opened one after another like the eyes of a person waking from sleep. I had the pleasure of embracing again Madame Deiderj, Teresita's adopted mother, and Joseph Deiderj her husband, Carpeneti, the General's secretary, and his devoted friend John Fruscianti. I shook hands with Galleano, an enthusiastic soldier, now serving in the kitchen

department; and last of all Buttini the steward came to meet me.

The white house is placed on a level spot, shut in on one side by great rocks, and on the other by walls, the gate in which is a movable rail, a horizontal pole such as is used to let horses in and out of a meadow. There is a path running all round it. In front, on the other side of the path, some poles are stuck in the ground to make a trellis for the vines in summer. On entering, there is a vestibule which opens on the left into the room where Teresita and Madame Deiderj sleep; on the right, into the chamber occupied by the General; at the back is a staircase leading up to the roof and terrace; the short dark passage leads to a small bedroom and to the kitchen. Here on the right is the wine cellar, on the left a pantry, from which you pass into the secretary's room, which is also a bedroom and the arsenal.

In August, when I first visited the house, there was only one chair, and that had no back. Now there are some new maple-wood chairs, presented by the officers and crew of the *Washington*, with the donors' names inscribed on the backs, and some walnut-wood chairs belonging to Deiderj.

The hero's room also is more comfortably furnished. It contains a small plain iron bedstead, with muslin curtains hanging from a cane tester, a walnut-wood writing table, and a chest of drawers with a dressing-glass on the top, blocking up a window that looks to the north. Close to the bed stands a deal stool covered with books and letters. On a cord stretched from the walls across the room are hung to dry the General's red shirts, drawers, trousers, and stockings, for he changes his clothes every time he changes his occupation The fire-place is in the middle of the wall at the end of the room; some logs are always kept blazing in it on account of the damp; for beneath the stone floor is the cistern which receives the water from the gutters when it rains, and causes the flags to be always slimy and wet. On each side of the fireplace are book-cases containing works on shipping, history, and military tactics; but books and bundles of papers, to tell the truth, are all around, lying on every available piece of furniture: the countless bundles of newspapers are removed as soon as the General has read them. Over the mantelpiece hangs a portrait in oil-colours of his infant daughter, Rosita, who died at Montevideo. At the head of the bed, in

an ebony frame, hangs a lock of hair, his wife Anita's, the brave woman who is no more. Under this hangs the portrait of C. Augusto Vecchj, placed between the portraits of two officers who fell, one at Melazzo, the other on the Volturno. On the wall over the writing table hang the hero's famous sword, his *revenque* (a sort of Brazilian whip), and the sword of the brave La Tour d'Auvergne, whose fame still lives although he fell long ago on the field of glory. The warrior's relations have placed the weapon in the General's hand as the most worthy guardian of so honourable a relic.

Dinner-time put an end to our affectionate conversation. It was very grateful to those who had worked hard since dawn, and to me, the traveller. I always regard the intimacy of this hour as sacred. What pleasure when I sit at table with my family and friends! When I break my bread alone, the solitary table seems surrounded by loved faces—the faces of those too early dead, or of those loved friends who dwell in distant lands.

The dinner was simple and abundant. In honour of my arrival the General had ordered a classic dish of maccaroni, followed by delicious

fish, roast partridges, and wild boar. For dessert we had Calabrian dried fruits and Capri wine. The friendly meal was very gay, and several toasts were drank. My health was proposed, and then the success of Menotti, the General's son, Basso, and Stagneti, who were hunting in the neighbouring island of Sardinia in company with some Englishmen who had come to see our General, and who were ardent sportsmen.

After the coffee had been served and drank, every one returned to the work they had left. Fruscianti went to break stones, Carpeneti to write letters, Deiderj to fix the handle of a mechanical contrivance which the General had received as a present from Berry. Madame Deiderj retired to the kitchen, and Teresita opened the pianoforte to practise for the evening concert. I tied on an apron and followed the General, who was building a stone wall without mortar.

In the course of the day, General Bixio arrived with Colonel Specchi, the two Nuvolari, and a physician and philosopher, Timothy Riboli. The last-named came to study the hero's cerebral development. The General, with his usual good-nature, submitted to the learned inspection. I took up a pen to record his opinion of the various protuberances. The

man of science burst forth into admiration on first inspection; but I had taken care to warn him of the modesty of his *subject*, and so he was prevented from expatiating on the wonderful qualities his fingers discovered. He will publish a work on this examination; I will not forestall it in these pages. It does not much signify what craniology reveals, for how could a phrenologist dare to discover anything short of perfection in the head of Giuseppe Garibaldi? All who have the honour to know Garibaldi, know that as a man, he is as perfect in his private as in his public life. If he had lived in the age of heroism, he would have been deified as the most perfect work of the Creator. In the middle ages, he would have been the subject of superstitious legends. In this age, when material interests, timid and selfish prejudices, and cowardly *moderation* predominate, and honest action is not permitted, for fear of displeasing the dishonest who are in power, Garibaldi has succeeded in bidding defiance to all obstacles, and has acted like a man. He loves solitude, and the sea, itself a solitude, conducive to dreams and deep emotions. He respects every one, be they humble or exalted. I never heard him speak ill of any one. He is as kind to the

brute creation as to man, and is so pained to see an animal struck, that he never permits it in his presence. He takes special delight in planting and cultivating useful vegetables, and is highly displeased if a plant be trodden on, or pulled up by mistake. He who is so renowned for his use of the sword, would like to see the accursed steel turned into a ploughshare. He has led in this century a life in accordance with the chivalric age, for he has always drawn his sword in the cause of the oppressed. His lamented wife was as heroic as himself; she followed him everywhere, and fell a victim to her devotion; their first-born saw the light in the desert, with nothing but a *poncho* to wrap him in.

All six guests were invited to stay supper. Here is liberty in all things, even to the cellar, although the General drinks nothing but water; at dinner, and very often during the day, he drinks water kept in an earthen jar covered over with a sheet of paper; for supper he has new milk. For the rest there are salted viands, with coffee, tea, and milk at discretion. He helps his neighbours, beginning with the women, and invites his distant guests to take care of themselves. When he speaks to his daughter,

he says "Teresa" in such a soft voice that it is impossible to imitate it. If he is in good spirits, he lights his cigar, and—excited by some name or deed which I allude to on purpose—he narrates, modestly of himself, but with full meed of praise to others, the great feats of arms in America, or particulars of the more recent events in Lombardy, Sicily, and Naples. We sit by, greedily listening to his discourse. If he is oppressed by gloomy thoughts, he rises immediately from table, and walks out: for this incomparable soldier constantly suffers from the feeling of desolation, repeopling in thought the battle-field with fallen friends, and those who died for the noble cause for which he has ever drawn his sword.

After he has retired for the night he sometimes writes, and always reads his letters and the newspapers, lying on his bed. About ten o'clock he goes to sleep. At three o'clock in the morning he wakes and resumes his reading. He has very often called me up at four o'clock to tell me what answers to his letters I was to write in his name. We then take coffee, he offers me a cigar, he gets up and goes out to his congenial occupations in the garden, while I betake myself to the secretary's room.

The morning after my arrival I received the first of these matutinal rousings. When I left off writing, I had finished forty letters only requiring his signature. They were almost all short answers to letters begging for his autograph, and a lock of his hair, and almost all came from ladies of the Anglo-Saxon race. The General, who reads them all, selected one addressed to a Miss Kitty Johnson, and asked me—

"Do you know this lady?"

"I never saw her in my life!" I replied. "But I fancy she must be charming."

"You have made use of such flowery language in addressing her that—"

"It will produce money, and enthusiasm for the cause," I interposed.

The General laughed, gave me one of his kind smiles, and patting me on the shoulder, said—

"You have written enough for to-day. Come and amuse yourself."

He went out, and I followed him into the kitchen garden. He gave me a hoe, and, taking one himself, walked on. I thought he was going to plant the fruit trees and rose trees I had brought; but instead, he stopped and

began weeding the beans. I followed his example without saying anything, and set to work hoeing up the weeds, banking up the rows of beans, and picking out the stones and bits of rock in my way. After dinner, I continued *amusing* myself. I perceived that the General approved of my idea of picking up the stones, for he put a basket to hold them handy to the place where we were working. It fell out that while I was hoeing with all my might near one of the walks where the earth was hard, I struck the hoe against a bean stalk, and knocked it down. The General, who was picking up stones close by, gave me a wrathful glance for my carelessness. I made haste to remedy the evil, and afterwards took care how I stepped and hoed, for, from that moment, I perceived that he never took his eyes off me, or lost sight of what I was doing. When the shades of evening began to fall, we received a call to supper. As we left the garden, the General tapped me familiarly on the shoulder, saying—

"Bravo! come and wash your hands in my room."

He insisted on waiting upon me, and quite confused me with his friendly hospitality. Per-

haps he wished to make amends for his anger about that unlucky broken bean-stalk.

Next day more letters. Bixio left for the mainland. In the morning a white sail appeared crossing the straits of Moneta. It stopped a moment near the English yacht, and then came on to Porto Militare. We went to meet the new comers, who turned out to be Menotti, Basso, and Stagneti, bringing an enormous quantity of partridges, snipes, and hares, and a small wild boar. After some talking and laughing, the General's son and Basso, who had acted as his secretary from Marsala to Caserta, prepared to depart. They were going to enjoy their carnival at Genoa, or better still, at Milan, where the festivities would be more splendid. I also intended to join the travellers with my collection of corals, stones, and twigs, which I had picked up as souvenirs of the island for such friends as were desirous to possess the relics, and prepared to take leave. But Teresita perceiving my intention instantly proclaimed it. Her father stopped me, saying, "So soon? If you are not obliged to leave us, pray stay. Caprera is not Villa Spinola; but then, we have known one another longer than a day, and we are friends."

He pressed my hand warmly. After such a

kind invitation, I could only feel rejoiced to stay, and gladly accompanied him to see the others off. There was a French visitor among them who had uttered some opinions which were considered very suspicious, especially by the severe Fruscianti and Bixio, and who would have been left alone on the shore had it not been for Specchi's courtesy. So when they were all gone, and had received the last farewell wave of the hand, the General thanked him for his attentions to the unsympathetic stranger, saying,

"If he came here for a bad purpose, God only knows why. Let us pity him." Then, addressing me, "A soldier is never asked where he sleeps."

"I can sleep soundly on a mattrass, rolled up in my cloak," I replied. "I asked Fruscianti for a tent, but he would not give me one."

"Very well. In the secretary's room there is a bed, on which General Bixio slept. Make use of it."

When we returned to the house, Madame Deiderj invited us into her room. Colonel Specchi began to sing the quack doctor's air in the "Elisir d'Amore." When he had finished, Teresita sang the gipsy's song in the "Trova-

tore." The General asked me to sing an air from the "Puritani." The concert ended by our shouting in chorus our warlike songs. As *Spaventa*[1] was far off, we were not afraid. However, the earth was not shaken from its solid poles, although the concert concluded with the Marseillaise.

I had as yet only seen the shore, and the part of the island which had been cleared of wood by the axe, and which the spade and the ploughshare had brought into cultivation; and having several days before me, I proposed penetrating into the woods and climbing the mountains, to enjoy the immense panorama visible from the heights. Having asked Garibaldi's permission, I set off next morning with Carpeneti, who offered to be my guide, he being familiar with the place. On leaving the little tract of level land, we ascended a path amid *lentisks*[2] and wild olive-trees, winding round grotesque blocks of granite, heaped up and broken in an age of chaos by some convulsion of the earth. We were not long in arriving at a level field, besprinkled with patches of heather

[1] A pun on Spaventa, the Minister of Police at Naples; *spavento* being Italian for "fear."

[2] LENTISCO (*Lentiscus Pistacia*), the turpentine tree that yields pistacio nuts.

and bunches of asphodel already in bloom. In the damp places, where the water trickled noiselessly through the grass, the great squill plants were pushing up their large, stiff leaves. In this place the General's chargers were grazing—"Marsala," the mare presented to him by a Sicilian when he first landed in Sicily; "Said," a gift of the Pacha of Egypt; and "Borboni," a black horse captured by Menotti at Reggio, and from which he had pulled off the rider by main force. The horses were driving out of their feeding-ground a troop of donkeys, that had been bought by the General, and turned loose to run wild over the island. Although small in size they were not wanting in spirit, and showed fight, kicking, biting, and braying hideously; but driven out by force, which is always more powerful than right or reason, they used their superior agility to improve their circumstances, and clambering over the débris of the mountain, they reached a spot where they could remain and feed in safety. Large patches of grass are found among the rocks, formed by these having become disintegrated and pulverised by time, and mixed with woodland soil and animal deposits. A higher vegetation might be obtained did the

wind permit cultivation; but the wind is the tyrant of the island, and cuts off the tender tops of the juniper bushes, pine and oak-trees, and the arbutus, with as little mercy as did the rod of Tarquinius Superbus in days of yore.

A stone wall, called *tanca*, protecting a vineyard and cabbage garden, announced the vicinity of a farm, and behind an overhanging crag we perceived a house, built of stones and mud. It was the first house erected in the island of Caprera, and had been built a hundred and fifty years ago by a bandit from Porto Vecchio. A girl sitting at the door rushed into the house, and a dog with pointed ears and sharp muzzle rushed out, barking furiously. An old woman then advanced, and after scrutinizing us suspiciously, recognised Carpeneti, and quieted the Cerberus. The present owner of the house, by name Battista Ferrasciolo, had been laid on his bed some months by a severe illness. The rough dwelling had only one window without glass, and was closed by a wooden shutter, and used as a cupboard. The only light in the room came from the door, and from the fireplace, where a pile of resinous logs were crackling and blazing. Over the chimney were two long hunting guns, hanging from the

branching horns of a stag. On the side walls there was a map, and a portrait of my General. The two corners were occupied by a clean, tidily-made bed, and a hand-mill. The floor was of earth, and was very damp. I remarked on the rickety table a prayer-book, which looked as if it had been used by at least three generations, it was so greasy and dog's-eared; Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," and a volume of Metastasio. We were offered rough stools made by the farmer out of the stringy stump of a plant called *ferola*, which in certain months is poisonous to animals. The stools seemed solid, and were very light.

The sick man's beard was quite gray, his face pale and thin, and his limbs gaunt, but his eyes were bright and steady, and he talked in an intelligent, deliberate manner. He asked after the General most cordially, spoke impatiently of his malady, but to all else he manifested great indifference, the consequence of his living in such a dreary solitude, and never having any one with whom he could exchange an idea. He talked of Italian affairs with sense, and quoted two verses in honour of our country. When he heard who I was, he said, "You are sitting on the stool Victor of

Sardinia sat on some years ago when he came here to hunt, just after Admiral Persano wrecked him by running the ship on a sunken rock. At that time my family were the only inhabitants of the island. Now that the General has done it the honour of choosing to live here, we have plenty of visitors."

We bade him farewell, and went on our way. Carpeneti told me that the General had supported the man throughout his long illness, and that he had given to him the work of bringing the new land under cultivation, as he was a skilful farmer; he was the owner of the mountainous portion of the island, which he now tilled with hired labour. One of his daughters was married and had gone to live in the island of Maddalena; the other, the girl who had fled at our approach, did not seem as if she would be sorry to escape from her solitary home and enjoy a more genial atmosphere. She evidently regretted her absent sister, for I saw her wipe her eyes whenever her name was mentioned.

A hundred feet higher up the mountain, we came to a kind of natural amphitheatre formed of quartz rocks, in the crevices of which, in places sheltered from the wind, some aromatic plants grew most luxuriantly. Our footsteps

disturbed the wild goats which were feeding on the mountain slopes, and they fled like the wind, leaving two as a vidette on the top of a steep position. I stopped to look at them, and Carpeneti pointed out to me an isolated rock hanging overhead, of a long shape something like the figure of a man: it is called St. Stephen, because, according to the legends of the neighbouring islands, he was the first inhabitant of Caprera. An eagle was hovering over the rock, watching for its prey in the crags below.

How is it possible to describe the glorious view that we enjoyed when we reached the platform that forms the top of the mountain? Before us lay Maddalena and its archipelago of rocky islets in the strait of Moneta, the two tiny islands of "the Conigli" by Porto Militare, the island itself with its irregular indented rocky shore, here a bay, there a promontory, looking somewhat like a gigantic polype floating on the surface of the sea! The island is about fifteen miles round, and on the northern side is quite impracticable, being terribly wild and steep. We looked down on the three bits of land that the General has had brought into cultivation since his return from Naples, and on the stony tract to the right which he has planted with vines, all

protected from the destructive animals by long lines of rough stone fencing which extend up the mountain side from the shore, and last of all on the humble abode of the greatest man of the age.

Descending, we passed along a valley overhung by granite crags. The rank grass which covers the soil springs up afresh every year, and the island is quite a pastoral retreat. Game is plentiful, and even the cows and donkeys are wild and run off directly they see a human form. As we proceeded from valley to valley we made the air resound with our songs. The road continued over barren rocks, sometimes covered with a primeval vegetation of balm, oak, olive, and juniper, with natural grottoes offering a refuge to the animals from wind and rain, and with sometimes natural bridges from one rock to another; the whole most wild and melancholy. The solemn silence was only broken by the lowing of a cow grazing among the rocks, or the trampling of the troop of donkeys.

It began to drizzle, so we betook ourselves to the shelter offered by a granite rock overhung with dwarf juniper bushes, and choosing two comfortable stones for seats, we lighted our cigars. A little rill was running from the rock and was soon lost amid the high grass. It

is difficult to realize the pleasures of a spot where man has never fixed his abode, such is its profound peace and unbroken silence. I have wandered among the ascents of Mont Blanc, frightful solitudes where nature forbids all work of man, yet even in those solitudes one feels more elevated by their grandeur, than scared by their terrors. In this island I enjoyed the same profound solitude, but with different feelings; for the scene filled me with a quiet, gentle melancholy, disgusting me with the thought of the hum and din of cities, and making me think aloud, "What happy days I could pass here!"

We tore ourselves away. We descended a dry water-course, now jumping over boulders, and now stepping on quartz sand deposited by the water, and winding round trees, till at last we got out into the open ground, over Point Galera, and running down the hill skirting the cultivated land, reached the house-door just as dinner was being placed on the table.

Dinner was served. An English nobleman sat beside the General. He had come expressly to make his personal acquaintance, and had made the voyage direct from London in his own yacht. Two great dishes of young black-

birds salted, with beans cooked in oil, were smoking on the hospitable board. There were other dishes of blackbirds minced and fried in batter; dried figs, raisins, and cheese completed the frugal repast. I asked the stranger, in the best English I could muster, if he had ever tasted such a dish in his life?

"Oh! I had not an idea of it," he answered. "It is really excellent. Ah! many of my friends to have such a dish would pay its weight in gold!"

The General pressed him to eat of both dishes—the Englishman consented. I never saw a man look more delighted; but I do not know whether it was the dinner or the host that delighted him so much. Probably, Garibaldi was the sauce that rendered such strange fare palatable. Our provision of meat had run short, and the butcher at Maddalena could not give us any more.

When the foreigner took his leave, he asked Garibaldi for a keepsake, intimating that he would like to have a pair of strong nailed shoes, made at Nice, which he saw under the bed.

"I understand your wish," said the Saviour of Italy, very good-naturedly; "but I happen to have only this pair, and the shoemaker lives on

that shore on which it has pleased others to make me a foreigner. They are the material souvenir of my native land." And, turning round to the cord on which hung some red shirts, he continued, with a pleasant smile, "If one of these shirts will do as well?"—

"Certainly, thank you!" said my lord; and away he went delighted. I walked down to the beach with him. He picked up twigs of lentisk, and bunches of asphodel all the way; and then asked me if he might take a stone.

"Please yourself," I answered. "There are enough to rebuild all the towns in Italy. Nobody will know you have taken one."

When I returned to the house, I found the General saddling Borboni for Teresita. Stagneti was vainly trying to force the bit into Said's mouth. I went to help, but the beast was obstinate. When the black horse was ready for Teresita, and she in the saddle, the General came to the fence to which Said was tied, and tried to bridle the restive animal. He was equally unsuccessful; so he took another bit—a Brazilian one. This bit is made of two iron rings, and is used for horses that are apt to take the bit between the teeth: it is also known and used in England. The horse, on the second

attempt, jerked back, and snapped the cord. The General caught him by the mane, and gently offered him the bit. The generous beast yielded to the skilful hand, and allowed Garibaldi to bit and bridle him, and place on his back the *recan*, with its silver stirrups. A *recan* is the name for the saddle used in Buenos Ayres. The General had one sent to him the day before he left my house to embark for Marsala. The General mounted, and father and daughter rode off towards Punta Rossa, which is opposite the island of San Stefano. That part of Caprera, being uninhabited, is not yet divided with stone walls and fences, or deep ditches, and they could ride freely over the unbroken turf.

I determined the next morning also to visit that part of the island, and so departed with Stagneti, Deiderj, and the dogs. After climbing the heights, we descended to the shore, choosing the dry water-courses as our easiest paths among the rocks. This part of the island approaches nearer to the appearance of a park or garden, the shrubs and rocks looking as if the hand of man had arranged them. I picked up some lumps of red granite, to send to my friends in Naples and Paris. I left my com-

panions, and went down to the beach; and, seating myself on a stone, looked out over the sea, comparing the view before me with my recollections of the many other beautiful spots I had visited. Hampton Court, with its park laid out by Cardinal Wolsey; Richmond, on the banks of the Thames, with its delicious walks; Versailles, Boboli, Caserta, Sydenham, beautiful places in Devonshire, the banks of the Rhone and Aar—all were passed in rapid mental review, and made me marvel at the wild grandeur and poetical beauty of this unknown corner of my native land. All who possess a feeling for the beauties of nature would, I am sure, confirm my judgment of the loveliness of this spot.

On our return, we found a middle-aged lady in Madame Deiderj's little parlour. She was the widow of an Englishman, of the name of Collins, who had been dead two years, and who had resided for more than twenty years on the rocks overlooking the strait of Moneta. He had built himself a house, and planted a garden and a vineyard. According to all accounts, he was a complete type of an eccentric Englishman, odd in manner, taciturn, and unsocial.

When the General bought the land and rocks

he possesses in Caprera of Susini, of the commune, and of some private individuals, Collins also bought some additional land to feed his cattle on, and built the hut in which he subsequently died. The two neighbours only knew one another by chance meetings. They were never intimate, that being quite impossible, on account of their different characters. The only points of resemblance between them were the faithful love they both bore to the women God had given them for companions, and the preference they showed for the solitary spot on which their humble dwellings were placed. One day the General's cows, ignoring the human maxim of *meum* and *tuum*, wandered on to the grass-land belonging to Collins. They were driven out, and their owner was informed of their misdeeds. The General sent back a message, that they should not be allowed to stray again, and at the same time, begged to inform his neighbour that his pigs made frequent inroads on his fields, grubbing up whole rows of potatoes and cabbages. Collins returned an angry answer. Before many days had passed, the pigs, which the superstitious Neapolitans and Sicilians believe to be the friends and servants of a saint in the calendar, returned to

riot in the General's ill-fenced land. Menotti happened to be out shooting, and passing that way he fired among the pigs, shot one of them, and carried it off as a prize before the face of the indignant Englishman. In the first moment of anger Collins marched off to the island of Maddalena, determined to lodge a complaint with the justice of the peace; but another Englishman, by name Captain Roberts, of whom we shall have occasion to speak by and by, dissuaded him from prosecuting so frivolous a suit, offering himself, in joke, as peacemaker.

"Among gentlemen," he said, "an offence has a right to reparation. I know Garibaldi well; he is not the man to refuse you any satisfaction your irritation may require—dagger, sword, rifle, pistol—you have only to choose."

The mention of these weapons produced a sedative effect on Collins' wrath. He began to laugh, and told his friend he hoped the pig would give the General and his son an indigestion, and nothing more was said about the affair. Soon after Collins died of a sun-stroke. His widow had his body carried to a cave in the rocks, in which they had lived for a year, during the construction of their white house, which so prettily peeps out amid fir-trees and flowering

oleanders. She had the entrance of the cave walled up, and built a little tower on the top, in which the wild pigeons mount guard, finding it a convenient place for their nests. They are a better symbol of the conjugal affection of the survivor than any pompous effigy or inscription that it is the custom to erect would have been.

The General gave up his seat at table to Mrs. Collins. Deiderj talked of our walk, and I of the delicious peaceful spot where I should like to live and die. As I gave words to the thoughts and feelings of the morning, the guests began to laugh, calling me romantic, and the General said,—

"Whenever you like, and wherever you like, I give you permission to build a house, and make a garden. But this must not serve as a precedent. Vecchj is an old comrade, and I know him. I will not have any one else. Caprera is my chosen retreat. If I am invaded, I shall be obliged to beat a retreat. But my friend is too fond of his ease and ladies' society. I do not think he will become an inhabitant of the desert."

"I thank my General for his goodness," I answered, "which permits me to become natu-

ralised in Caprera. And I must take the opportunity of clearing my character in his eyes, and in the eyes of my comrades now present. I do love woman as the gentle companion given to our first father, as the source of progress, the origin of civilization, as the reward of every noble and generous deed. All that is good in me, I owe to her influence; and I certainly should desire her society in the hermit's nest the General gives me leave to build in his blissful retreat. Her presence would prevent my becoming disagreeable and rude to my neighbours. I should be happy in sharing my crust with her, hearing her tuneful voice, and imparting my poetical meditations to her after the day's work." The General smiled; the others laughed, and made jokes more or less pungent, according to their individual character. I went on—"I believe myself capable of such a life," laying my hand on my heart. "The difficulty is not with me, but in finding a woman sufficiently enamoured of solitude and privation. Archimedes solved his problem. I cannot exclaim 'Eureka.' When I become an inhabitant of Caprera, the General must grant me another boon. At the close of day, between dinner and bed-time, he must allow me to come

and enjoy the happiness of his company, and talk over the news of the day—he extended on his bed, and I seated on the stool at its head. Are the conditions accepted?"

We all rose from table, and our dear friend shook me by the hand. The rest embraced me, but continued incredulous as to the probability of my deeds fulfilling my words; Fruscianti was the only one who believed me and promised me his company.

Deiderj, who had long been troubled at the smallness of the house, had made a design for an addition which he proposed building on the south side. The General approved the plan, and asked our opinion: we pronounced in favour of the plan. The house would gain another cellar cut out in the rock, over which a study and parlour were to be built, and against the old wall another bedroom, thus allowing a pantry to be made of the former bedroom. This was to be the ground floor, above there would be a spare room, a parlour, and a bedroom for the General. This plan would remove him from the damp unhealthy room he occupied at present. On the level ground cleared at the back, a sheltered garden would be made, growing oranges, olives, and roses.

Having marked out the site for the foundations, we set to work. We had not much earth to shovel away, for our spades struck upon the rock almost immediately. The General removed a great block which was in the place where the trees were to be planted; we bored a mine in the rock, and by the blast were supplied with materials for the walls, and cleared the place for the cellar.

Myself and friends intend supplying the humble furniture of the four new rooms, as a surprise to our hero: If it is possible, all shall be of oak: walnut wood is too common. Mahogany would be best, because, being the South American oak, the sight of it would cheer him: The recollections of his life in America often smooth the furrows of care and grief from off his brow.

It was a calm fine evening. No sound of breakers from the beach, for the light breeze hardly ruffled the surface of the water. At supper we proposed having an *allumata*, a fishing by torch light. Galleano went to get the boat ready, and Stagneti to find the spear, a third fetched the cord, the steward carried the resinous wood down to Porto Militare, and I took up the torch handle and the basket to hold

the fish. This sport is called *allumata*, because the flaming torch attracts the fish to the boat so that they are easily speared. But the sea must be calm, or else the fish are not near enough to the top of the water. Our sport was very good, and the basket was soon filled with lampreys, soles, mullet, gold-fish, whitings, and sprats.

The General looked very picturesque in his poncho, and the torch threw into relief his fine figure as he prepared to strike with an aim so certain that he always brought up a large fish at the end of his spear. The scene was quite a picture. We did not return home till midnight.

The next day more visitors came. They were some rich Parisians who had been making a tour in Corsica, and did not like to return home without seeing the most remarkable man of the age. When they arrived, the General was breaking some blocks of stone by driving wedges into them. I saw the eyes of the lady fill with tears of astonishment and enthusiasm; but I think she was not sure that it was really Garibaldi she beheld, for she said to me in the vestibule, "He was amusing himself with a mullet, was not he?"

"Yes, madam, you will always find him amusing himself from five in the morning to five in the evening, either with a mallet, a hoe, or wheeling a barrow full of stones, or with a knife pruning the trees. It is quite as good as the pleasures of driving in a carriage in a public promenade, or of going to balls and theatres. His amusement is very healthy, and makes him look as young as when he was thirty."

"We heard of this at Porto Vecchio, but we could not believe it. Such a great man, the greatest man in the world, and yet so simple!" she replied.

We talked politics, and they received a few more new sensations. I do not know what opinions they held, but they accepted, or pretended to accept, the lofty opinions that the General expressed unreservedly. They asked timidly for his autograph, which he gave them with his usual good-nature, and then they departed.

They had no sooner gone than another visitor arrived—the captain of the *Icnusa*, the steamboat which lies in the harbour of Maddalena, and which the Government have sent for Garibaldi's use. The captain presented his officers, and those of a transport vessel carrying coals to

Mola di Gaeta. After the reception, I went to read and answer the usual heap of correspondence. There were some very strange letters, particularly one from a priest at Foggia, who declared Italy to be possessed, and proposed that Garibaldi should exorcise it with fire and sword, and drive out Lucifer's representative, the Pope, with the legion of demons—the cardinals, bishops, and monks of every shade. Another was written by an inventor of a new kind of artillery, whose wonderful power would easily destroy the famous Austrian quadrilateral. A third offered an invention that was to annihilate an army of 150,000 or even 200,000 men; the writer only stipulated that the terrible instrument should not be employed against his countrymen, the French. Some women wrote declarations of love, others their admiration. Among the latter was one letter worth keeping, written by a young girl, a Bavarian countess: it was so admirably worded, and so full of talent, that very few Italians could have surpassed it. The General read this letter, and my answer to it, and gave the countess's letter to Teresita to read and preserve.

Suddenly, we were disturbed by the lowing of cattle, and on going out we saw the cow Brunetta coming down the hill, followed by the

whole herd. The General fetched a linseed-cake, broke it, and offered her a piece; the poor creature refused it, licked his hand like a dog, and lowed again. She had just calved, and had brought her child to show it to her friend, and when he had tenderly patted the little thing, she ate the cake. He is already obliged to be godfather to all the children that are born in the neighbouring islands; and I told him, in joke, that he would be obliged to extend his good-nature to the brute creation. The gate was opened for Brunetta, so that she might have a shelter in the stable for herself and her calf for a few nights.

She was followed by one of the donkeys, which was in most miserable plight. All the donkeys have received political names, more or less appropriate, and this brute rejoiced in the sobriquet of *Pio Nono*. He was bleeding from several wounds; his ears were torn, his tail bitten off, and the hair of his mane plucked out by the roots. Fruscianti, though he hates the beast, was moved to pity. He examined him tenderly, and asked him how he had got into such a wretched condition. Teresita fetched vinegar and salt and water, and washed his wounds, and tied him up with pieces of

rag wherever she could. Meanwhile, Fruscianti apostrophized him in the following fashion:—

"It is quite right to take away your temporalities, but it is wicked to flay you. In '49 we tried to make you understand, but you would not. You chose to be independent, with the Austrians on one side and the French on the other. See what has undone you!—the indignation of the people. Thus you have lost the Legations, the Marches, and Umbria; are despised by the civilized world, and are given over to the stick of that unbelieving dog, Narciso."

As Fruscianti concluded this address, Narciso made his appearance. He is the General's herdsman, and a native of the neighbouring island of Sardinia. In intelligence and personal appearance he is half-way between a man and a bear. He is as malicious as a monkey, and as cunning as a crétin, and, with the habitual laziness of a Sarde, he never uses his legs as long as there is a beast to ride on, so that he always bestrides one of the donkeys to follow the cattle. He began to defend himself directly—

"I have not ridden Pio Nono for ever so long," he said, "because I have not been able to find him; I took one of the wild asses. And

as the brute had run away, I went up the mountain to find him and came on a grand battle. All the asses were pitching into *Pio Nono*—they were fighting about the *Immaculate Conception*—and they were biting and kicking him with all their might, and *Lamoricière* finished him by biting off his tail. It was not my fault; I could not help it."

The simplicity with which Narciso spoke of the donkeys' battle, giving the champions their names, with the cause of the quarrel, a cause that has made Troy famous, and, above all, the deplorable condition of the poor mangled *Pio Nono*, convulsed us all with laughter, in spite of the pity we felt for the poor donkey's woes. At supper, we made ourselves very merry with the incident, and not a few jokes were launched at the Vatican.

There is such an atmosphere of happiness at Caprera, that the hours fly like minutes. The genial exercise of mind and body, intermingled with lively conversation and pleasant visits, causes all time to be forgotten. For myself, who was only staying from day to day, I was in the condition of a man in love, who cannot realize the separation that must come. The days I passed by the side of my General are

like a fugitive and brilliant dream, yet leaving an undying remembrance, a sunbeam to enliven the rest of my life. Having concluded my writing for the General, I went to help Fruscianti and Stagneti to work at the house.

Called to breakfast, the General came, on his way in, to look at my work. He measured the wall with a critical eye, put in some small bits of stone into various little spaces between the large blocks, and smiling kindly, asked me, "Have you ever done such work before?"

"Never before coming here," I answered.

"Then," said he, "you have a natural talent for it. Under Fruscianti," he continued, "you will become a first-rate mason. I have never been able to learn the trade."

He left us to go and change his dress. When he had gone, Fruscianti said, "The General succeeds in everything but masonry."

"I heard he was venerable in the society of Freemasons," said I.

"So he may be; but as a working mason, he is good for nothing. Just go and look at the wall round the sheep-fold—it is pitiable! He tried to build when we began the house, but the master mason was obliged to undo and rebuild all his work, and asked him to confine

his labour to bringing the stones. It was then that he broke in Pio Nono and his fellows, although most of them protested, with their heels and teeth, against doing anything useful."

We went in to breakfast; at table there was a new guest—a friend of the General's come to see him on his return from Naples. He owned the whole island of Tavolara, an extinct volcano, nothing but barren desolate rocks, with a deep gully running down to the sea. Some patches of an aromatic grass growing round the rocks support a few wild goats, and just above the beach there is a fertile strip of land; but the wind in winter, and the burning sky in summer, are very destructive to vegetable life. He lives with his family in a long low house; a garden behind the rock furnishes him with potatoes and cabbages, the mountain with game, the sea with fish. He spoke of the solitude and monotony of his life, and the dreariness of his exile, with the courage of a man who accepts the trials that an ill fate has forced upon him. His features were marked by melancholy, and yet more by an expression of quiet proud resignation. After breakfast he went into the General's room, and did not come out empty handed. If it were not for the

generous aid of this kind true friend, I know the possessor of the Tavolara would never be able to pay the taxes, and would be dragged to prison amid the lamentations of his starving family. Every day brings forth some new trait of goodness in Garibaldi, raising him more and more above all who surround him.

Seeing him enter the garden I followed him. At once he set to work with his hoe. I took up mine, feeling very happy to work at his side. When his back began to ache with stooping he drew himself up and said,

"I daresay rigid Fruscianti has been finding fault with your work on the wall. I will make you amends. You hoe capitally, Augusto; Deiderj says so, who is a first-rate gardener. The plants thus banked up, with the furrows between the rows, will make my beans grow."

"You are too good, General," I replied. After a pause, he continued, "Planting trees, and watching their growth, seems to me to be true happiness. Peace, after which the soul hungers, that peace which men fondly long for in a world to come, I can only enjoy here, far from the bustle and noise of towns. Do not you think so?"

"I am quite of your opinion," I replied; "and

were it possible I would willingly end my days here. Believe me, I mean what I say."

"Without flattery," said he, "your company is very pleasant to me. Stay, if you can."

"I have my sons to educate and place in the world," I replied. "Victor will have his commission in May; Lionel is young, but I must attend to my affairs."

"I understand," he said. "As cannon clogs the march of troops, so material comfort clogs the wings of happiness; an all-powerful law, where is the compensation?"

A photographic portrait of Riciotti, the General's younger son, painted in water-colours, and mounted in a magnificent frame, arrived. It had been sent by an artist at Liverpool as a present to the General, with a letter begging his acceptance of it. The lad is very like his father, and inherits his kind and resolute looking eyes, high forehead, and commanding nose, with the same smile on his lips. In figure he is slim. As I had not heard of its arrival, I took it to show to the father as soon as I found it, saying, "Riciotti is a handsome boy."

"He is strong and healthy," said the General. "Do me the favour to write and thank the artist who sends me my son's portrait. You will find the letter in this packet."

He said no more; but I, who know him, read the pleasure of gratified paternal affection in his face.

Teresita is just like him. She is never taken by surprise—is not talkative—very gentle in manner, with strong convictions and masculine resolution. Most graceful also in all her movements and well proportioned in figure. Her eyes are liquid with her father's heroic glance; her small nose is straight from the forehead, but the well opened nostrils seem to indicate more enthusiasm than reflection; her mouth is small, with large regular teeth like the General's; her bright auburn hair is slightly curling, and her voice is pleasant, clear, caressing, and resolute. In short, we may say of her what Dr. Riboli has perhaps already published, that Teresita will never be untrue to herself, and never will deceive any one. The following anecdote will help to illustrate her character. When General Türr brought over to Caprera the diamond necklace that the king presented to Garibaldi's daughter, she asked why it was given to her. She opened the box, and merely uttered a monosyllable of satisfied curiosity, and handed it quietly to Madame Deiderj, whose tender heart was so overcome at what she called the honour, that she was weep-

ing. The girl blushed a little and said, "Thank the king." Her father added with his usual gravity, "Pray express my gratitude to the king for this token of his friendship." When afterwards I again asked Teresita to show me the royal gift, she called to Madame Deiderj to gratify my curiosity, and when the splendid jewel for the second time glittered in the sun in the humble room, she cast a careless glance at it, and ran away to ring the bell for dinner. Constant contact with an exalted nature ennobles the virtues she inherits by descent.

Teresita is very fond of animals; she has the charge of the fowls and pigeons, and some day will undertake the cows and their calves. Her father has bought her a she goat with a kid, and she amuses herself by taking them to the rocks at Zonzo every day before dinner. The lively girl trips along as lightly as a gazelle, and has a glance like an eagle. The General is fortunate in his children. Menotti is as kind-hearted and intelligent as he is brave.

While speaking of the animals, I must mention that one day Narciso came in to report, that the dogs had been out hunting on their own account, that they had frightened and

scattered the sheep, and had even alarmed *Lamoricière* so much, as to make him set to kicking, and run away after he had kicked his rider off. One of the sheep, in its fright, had left its newborn lamb among the rocks, and the lazy rascal proposed that we should go and find it. The General started off at once: as we ascended the hill, we heard the piteous bleating of the unhappy little creature, and followed the sound as long as it lasted. Instinct must have misled the little thing; its young brain may have thought "they are wolves—be silent," so that our search was long and fruitless, and we returned to the house for supper. But the General got up as soon as he had finished his bowl of milk, lighted a lantern, and without saying a word, started off again to seek the missing lamb. We ran after him, following him over the crags and through the thorny brushwood—and, from time to time, we heard the bleating of the deserted creature; but again, at the same unlucky spot, the cry ceased, and the light of the lantern failed to show us where the poor little lamb lay. It was nine o'clock and raining, and we were very tired, so we once more returned to the house and went to bed. An hour afterwards, we heard the

sound of footsteps in the next room, and the house-door opened. Some of us arose, and struck a light. We looked at one another without speaking, and again threw ourselves on our beds. About midnight we were roused by a voice: it was the hero returning, joyfully carrying the lost lamb in his arms. He took the little creature to his bed, and lay down with it, giving it a bit of sponge dipped in milk to suck to keep it quiet, so that no one should know the kind act he had done; and he spent the whole night caressing and feeding the foolish creature, which in spite of all his care and kindness would continue crying for its mother.

At five o'clock in the morning we found him planting potatoes in the garden. We took our spades and began to work also: not a word was said of the lamb, although everybody was thinking of it. Later in the day, in company with Colonel Specchi, I took a boat and rowed to the two islets that protect Porto Militare, and which the General calls "the Conigli" (the Rabbits), because these animals abound there. They will do very well, until some one lets the dogs loose on them, and destroys the race. We picked up corals and shells on the shore, and stretched

ourselves at full length on the green turf, and enjoyed our cigars. The sky was blue and clear, the air filled with spring influences, and we indulged in day-dreams of our own future, and of that of Italy; when I exclaimed,—

"There will be an end of bondage, and we shall all be able to enjoy the freedom of intelligent order, and act in accordance with the noble inspirations of our hearts. If a ball does not lay us low on some distant battle-field, would not it be delightful to have our bodies placed here beside Garibaldi's?"

"Truly an honour!" said Specchi.

"Do you know," I continued, "that last year the General wrote to the deputy, Lorenzo Valerio, asking if the Government would object if he ordered his body to be buried here. The deputy replied, that the minister was opposed to his wishes, because they were not in accordance with the ancient customs of Old Italy. The General remarked to me, 'But I am of New Italy, and I choose to be buried where I please. The rising sun shall salute my grave, as it tips the hills with rosy light. The thrushes shall fill the air with their sweet notes, and the cheerful sparrows shall chirp over my head.' Ah, what unspeakable joy for me! He has

given me permission to lie by his side. We have been united in life, and thus shall be in death. Is there joy greater than this in the world?"

It was the hour for return; we arose and left the spot and our dreams, and stepping into the boat, rowed home again.

At supper, the General brought a book in his hand, and when the meal was over, he opened it, and placing it before me bade me read: it was the dreams of the exile in Berchet's "Phantasia." He desired me to skip the verses that describe the sensual effeminate patrician sneering at the thought of patriotism; he applauded the other dreams, and repeated the verses he knew by heart. Like all noble natures, his mind is full of poetical ideas, although not uttered in rhythmical form. His imagination would be stifled by being confined to conventional expressions, and when excited his words well forth in brilliant originality. What a pleasant evening it was! Garibaldi concluded it with giving us a living description of the battle of San Antonio, an Olympic unsung by any Pindar.

Next day, it being necessary to fetch provisions of meal and wine, I asked permission to go with Stagneti to Maddalena; I wished to

frank a letter to the Italians living at Valparaiso, who had sent the General a sum of money to be used for the good of their distant country.

Next morning, I proposed to accompany Stagneti to Maddalena: his object was to purchase meat and wine, mine to prepay two letters written by Garibaldi; one, thanking the Italians of Valparaiso for a contribution, sent by them to the distant father-land, and another in reply to Mr. Tuckerman of New York, a common friend of ours, who addressed Garibaldi as the "hero of the age." In addition to the few lines signed by Garibaldi, I had written a long letter to Mr. Tuckerman in my own name, suggesting, as a means of quickly overcoming the difficulty of their position, that the Americans of the Northern States should ask the aid of Garibaldi; a course that might be adopted without wounding the dignity of the nation, as he is an American citizen.

I concealed my views upon the subject from the General, but told my companions of them; and, for some days, busied with our project, we filled up the blank of the future with images of anticipated events; of towns vanquished, priests dispersed, and populations rescued.

Having purchased the provisions we went to

visit Captain Roberts, a great friend and admirer of our best friend, and one of the few still living who witnessed the sanguinary battle of Trafalgar. While a captain in command of one of the ships in Horatio Nelson's famous squadron, he had stayed some time at Maddalena; and in 1815, when, from the ruin of the modern Cæsar, he believed such terrible bloodshed to be over, he had left the service and sought a place of repose in the quiet island. The worthy old gentleman received us with great kindness, and with the gaiety of a boy; he invited us to return next day to dine with him.

We asked leave again, and obtained permission to go to the English symposium. Our Amphytrion is at least eighty years old—tall in stature, very lively, and fully persuaded that the only useless shedding of blood, is when it is shed by a lancet. The wretched doctors in the island where he was born, as well as in the island where he now lives, have taken it from his veins without doing good to any one, and to the destruction of his health. It is a lamentable fact, that he cannot leave his room without help, and that he has a reclining couch, on which he reposes when he feels faint and exhausted. This was the reason that he dined

in his bedroom, and we in the parlour. Every time a new dish arrived, he came talking to the door, to hope we liked it, and to wish us a good appetite. He is a fine frank fellow, born in a land of liberty, and in a land of liberty he must die.

We were made the bearers of a host of messages to the General. It was the last day of the carnival. I told Teresita the number of masks I had seen, and of the gay ball I had been present at. When the day's work was at an end, we assembled, as usual, in Madame Deiderj's room, and Teresita said,—

"Then they are dancing very much in Maddalena?"

"Oh dear, yes!" I exclaimed; "they are dancing their legs off."

"Menotti will dance at Milan," she exclaimed. "All are amusing themselves except poorme! I am the only one who will have no carnival this year!"

Garibaldi looked tenderly at his beloved daughter, and Madame Deiderj, interpreting his glance, said, "Never mind, Teresa, papa will dance a waltz with you!"

The General did not answer her, but got up and left the room. Teresa looked sad, and she

said, "See how much papa wishes to dance!" Her contented, cheerful aspect changed into such a dismal expression, that I can compare it to nothing but the expression to be seen on the people's faces on Sunday in London.

Suddenly, however, the door opened, and the General appeared in full dress. "Here I am, Teresa!" he cried; "Specchi, be so kind as to play us a waltz."

And he danced with her. He is a capital dancer. In our turn, we sang, one after the other, the best songs in our musical repertoire, from "La Calumnia" by Rossini, to Violetta's "Addio," by Verdi. In the days of my youth, I have spent many a brilliant carnival, but the recollection of this sacred evening will always be a green spot in my memory.

After I had gone to bed, Garibaldi called me up, saying, "I have a letter from a gentleman who came to see me at Caserta; I cannot make it out; just try and see if you can succeed better."

The writing really was illegible, and I had never seen it before. Next morning, I succeeded in making out the contents of the letter, and wrote the answer. The General read and signed my answer, and said, "You have

guessed my thoughts; I should have expressed myself exactly the same. Bravo! But I was born in a land where they do not speak Italian, and I have lived so long in countries where men have other languages on their lips! Do me the kindness to send me a dictionary from Genoa, in which the words are all given with the explanation of their proper use. It will help me in my difficulties when you are gone."

I returned to my room to write, confused at the kindness of this excellent man, and wondering at his unaffected modesty. Some hours later, he came in to me with some more letters, which he placed on my table. Seeing several pieces of granite and pumice-stone and quartz arranged along the edge of the table, he said, "Have you turned geologist, Augusto?"

"No, General," I replied; "I have picked up some bits of stone in my walks about the island to send to those who love you, and who ardently desire to possess something from this place. You, surely, are not sorry that I should clear off some stones from Caprera?"

"Please yourself," said he; "I shall be sure to have too many left." And he went away laughing.

At dinner, the conversation turned on the

battle of the 1st of October. He narrated soberly our dangers that day. Only 12,000 Volunteers opposed to 35,000 Bourbonists, and we drove them back within the walls of Capua! Fortunately, they were not all in line, and were driven back with the fugitives; but the bombs were falling thickly. "A splinter off one," he said, "passed over the round part of my thigh. I felt the painful bruise for several days. It must have left a mark on my trousers."

He was then wearing the clothes, and I, who sat next him, saw the mark where the pile had been rubbed off. We had never heard of this accident before; and nobody had a suspicion that he had been hurt in any of the battles. I make no comment; I narrate. Let him who reads judge for himself of the man.

One evening, a telegram arrived from the minister, to announce to the General that Gaeta had fallen. He read it, rejoiced, and called me to read it in my turn, and to send it to the Syndic of Maddalena. At supper he proclaimed, with a joyous voice, the good news to everybody.

"Civil war is at an end; Cialdini, with our army, is in Gaeta. Now, the Italians will not cut one another's throats any more."

He swallowed his portion of milk and spoke little. He did not light his cigar at table, but withdrew. He appeared to have lost his gaiety and to have become melancholy. Neither visitors nor letters had come from the continent; nothing but the Government telegram, brought by the soldiers. What could have distressed him? Could he be ill, and concealing it from us? After we had talked this matter over, it was determined that I should go and see what could be the cause of his sadness.

I found him reading the *Times*. I stopped at the foot of his bed, and waited. In turning the paper he perceived me, and asked, "What do you want?"

"We saw that you had suddenly become sad. We could not discover the cause. We were afraid you might be ill, without telling us. We are uneasy. Do you want anything?"

He did not reply; looked at me fixedly, and, after a pause, said, as if speaking to himself, "Poor boy! born at the foot of a throne, perhaps, and, not by his own fault, hurled from it! He, too, will have to feel the bitterness of exile, without preparation!"

"Is that all?" I said.

"Do you think it nothing?" he replied.

"Yet you went to Marsala—" I said.

"It was the duty of all of us to go," he quickly replied; "else how could there have been One Italy?"

I went out of the room. It seemed as if God spoke to me from his mouth. But I cannot convey the effect of these words in writing; would that my pen could give some idea, on paper, of this scene, and the impression that his noble singleness of heart and freedom from all personal animosity to his political antagonists, made upon me! What a great heart this man has!

I told my friends what had passed between us, and all expressed their surprise, except Fruscianti, who said,

"It is nothing new to me. If Antonelli, Francis II. and Pio Nono, were poor, friendless, and exiled, the General would not only receive them at Caprera, but would, probably, give them up his own room and bed."

At this time, there were three people employed in answering the heaps of letters that arrived daily for the General. He gave the greater part to Carpeneti, or to me. Carpeneti had the least to do, and I received the lion's

share; for mine was swelled by glowing pages from the fair-haired daughters of Albion, begging for autographs and locks of the hero's hair. Had he gratified these charmers, he would long ere this have worn a wig!

Many municipalities now sent to offer him the freedom of their cities. The people of Palermo sent their good wishes for the year, with an address, signed by as many of the people as knew how to write; several thousand persons. The National Guard of Naples sent a similar address, with the signatures of the commanders of the twelve battalions. Congratulations arrived from the municipalities of Cuneo, Turin, Monza, and Sassere. There was, also, a letter sent to the General by a man possessed with the three demons of envy, vanity, and impotence, charging him with promoting anarchy. Another, asking from a man, so poor as Garibaldi, the modest sum of 30,000 crowns to restore his ruined fortune!

"I will answer both," said the General. "But I declare to you that by a Republic I only mean that government which gives the people the greatest possible national prosperity: I do not care whether at the head of such a government there be a king or a president. We have as a

gift from providence an exceptional king, a prince and honest, a citizen and a soldier! This forms a centre of loyalty for the union of the different states of Italy, and will arm them to rescue the dislocated provinces. We have made him, amid the plaudits of the world. I love him, Victor! You love him also. But if any body doubts whether I am a republican, let him come here and judge. Do you think we lead a very aristocratic life?"

I pressed his hands. They did not feel the same as when in Sicily and Naples: they were hard and horny with manual labour. He smiled sadly, and continued, "The other letter is from my former minister of finance in America. When the movement at Rio Grande failed, the imperial government confiscated all his property. He will have seen by the newspapers that I have been made dictator over half Italy."

"And he has forgotten," I interrupted, "that the salary of president and admiral you received in kind—pine-apples, tapioca, and oranges, and that you are not the man to act otherwise in your native country."

"He had better come here," he said, "and see the wealth I have brought from Naples."

We went out. I took a book that Aleardo

Aleardi had sent—"The Seven Soldiers" (*I Setti Soldati*). It was a spring day, and I stretched myself, face downwards, on the most comfortable rock I could find on the sea shore, and read the magnificent poem, till Colonel Specchi, on his return from hunting, came and disturbed me.

There had been visitors during the day, who had returned in the evening to Maddalena. I saw bundles of letters and journals scattered on the table, and a packet containing three long candles; red, white, and green, sent from New York, to be lighted when the *Te Deum* should be sung on the open Campidoglio in free Rome. He who sent them quite forgot that we should not be likely to trouble the priests to praise a beneficent Deity for the triumph of freedom. In Palermo and Naples our soldiers and the people embraced fraternally, shouting the national hymn, rejoicing under the bright sun in the open air, and lifting their eyes, overflowing with tears of gratitude, to heaven.

I wrote this to the Tuscan who had emigrated to America. In 1850, when the General, heart-broken with his domestic affliction and political misfortunes, sought a refuge in the United States, this Tuscan proposed that he should

come and live with him at his candle factory. Garibaldi accepted without hesitation, intending to repay his host by working as a labourer in the factory; Lorenzo Salvi—the tenor singer and the brother-in-law of our Colonel Spech, whom the General has nicknamed Specchi—furnished the capital. The defender of Rome worked from morning to night, in spite of the nastiness of the grease and the smell of the materials. But the manufacture was unsuccessful, the profits were nil; the low prices asked by competing manufacturers were disastrous for our Tuscan. The General felt he was a burden and determined at once to relieve his friend; so, without saying a word to any one, he walked to the city, and going straight to the harbour went on board several American and English vessels, and offered himself as a simple sailor under the name of Joseph.

He was fortunately not engaged. A lucky chance directed him to ships with their full complement of hands. The day after Carpeneti of Genoa, his friend, arrived to request him to accompany him to San Francisco and take the command of a brigantine for him.

I tell this as another illustration of the character of Garibaldi; who even in this dark hour of his life, deprived of her who was the

consolation of his existence and without hope for his beloved land, yet never lost heart. He who had ruled a city and commanded an army never hesitated to put his hand to the poorest occupations rather than accept support even from those who deemed it an honour to shelter him. Since then, everything has changed; the exiled soldier is the greatest man in his liberated country; the candle manufacturer, making his fortune, sends his candles to be lighted at the high mass which will soon hail Rome the free capital of all Italy. The beautiful transparent substance, resembling spermaceti, of which these candles are made, is the invention of our Tuscan.

I went out of the house to look for the General, who was walking up and down under the rocks that overhang the garden. I approached; he looked at me without speaking. The lion was angry. At supper he gave half his milk to the dog. "Really," he exclaimed at last, "there are some men who are miserable samples of Adam's race. Miserable and vile! vile! Signor Carpeneti, have the kindness to let me have Victor Emmanuel's letters. They ought to be all together in one packet. To-morrow you can give them me. Good-night."

The lion was really angry! but with whom? and what? We asked one another; but no one could give the clue. I generally went to say good-night to him after he had gone to bed, and, of course, did not fail to use my privilege on this particular evening. He saw me come in, and motioned me to sit down. After a pause he spoke.

"Do you remember, in October, after we had repulsed the general attack, that I begged General Rituçci to spare the effusion of Italian blood, and to yield the place? He would not consent. I had batteries raised on Mount San-Angelo, on the railroad, and threw bridges across the Volturno. I prepared to assault the fortress. What you do not know is this: King Victor Emmanuel wrote to me to slacken the bombardment, to extend my lines so as to invest the place, and to wait. When he arrived at our camp, he told me to use my last arguments. It was done, and in two days after Capua was free. Well now, a man declares that the troops which marched from Ancona through the Abruzzi, came to save us, and to extricate me from a most serious embarrassment. What my men did in two days, I could have ordered them to do a month before; but

the king's letter prevented me. This letter I will have printed before the man's face."

"But the man must have read the king's letter to you," I objected. "Before having the royal letter printed, I think it would be as well to ascertain whether the insult was premeditated, and if you are authorized to notice the matter; and then I would not publish a quarrel in the camp. You accused of cowardice! If any one said or printed such a thing in public, he would be sent to a mad-house!" I advised peace, and left him.

The sun was already high above the horizon, and many other occupations had succeeded the letter-writing before I saw the General next day. He came into the secretary's room, and said to Carpeneti and me,

"Come and see my friends!"

In the dining-room were two men, an old and a young one—Sardinians by their dress, accent, and faces. George Sanna had the pale, hollow cheeks of a man devoured by fever, quick, sparkling eyes, and a long, thick, white beard. He was a strongly built man of seventy years of age. His son had a gentle-looking face, contrasting oddly with the cartouche-box, knife, and gun, with which he was armed.

They were eating, and the General waited on them. They were inhabitants of a village in the mountains beyond Parau, and the old man had come to ask the General to be godfather to his newly-born son. I observed that the old man had lost the middle finger of his left hand. He told me that he had lost it in a vendetta. I asked the son whether the feud was still existing?

"It lasted for thirty-seven years; now it is over," he answered.

"Have you made peace?" I asked.

"God made it with the help of the gun and the king's justice," he answered.

"All dead?" I asked.

"All," he said, with the greatest coolness. These people seem to live under such a burning sky, that it heats their blood to an equal fury. The General told me that the sun is quite African, and makes the people fiery and suspicious in temperament. They are as insensible to outward influence as their vegetation (for the trees endure the different seasons without shedding a leaf). In the gulleys of their mountains there are rustic crosses, or heaps of stones, to mark a fatal spot, where there has been a murder.

We happened to have an artist in Caprera, Zuccoli of Milan. He had come to paint the General's portrait. He was called in, and presented to the two Sardes, and asked to make a sketch of their heads in his album.

"Then you will be able to show your friends their portraits," said the General.

We talked about the American question very often, after my letter to Tuckerman, mingling trivial jokes with serious talk.

"We are refused," I said, "the pleasure of delivering Venice, and humbling the pride of the House of Hapsburgh, on the plains of Temesnar: let us yield the honourable task to our rivals. With twenty-two millions of free Italians, they can attempt, whenever they please, to rescue three millions of oppressed Italians."

"They will never attempt it," said Fruscianti.

"Or, only when they have obtained permission of the 'magnanimous ally,'" added Specchi.

"For which they must give a province in exchange," said Deiderj, an emigrant from Nice.

"Vecchj is right. If twenty-two millions are not sufficient to free Venice, the Italians do not deserve a country."

"The General ought to go to America," said Stagneti.

"Because your wife and son are in New York, and you wish to see them," interrupted Carpeneti laughing. "It is natural enough, but how shall we reward Vecchj for suggesting the plan? We will present him with a young black, to gather banana, defend him from the flies, and offer him tea in the shade of his tent. He deserves this; and will, no doubt, return to Villa Spinola with half a dozen slaves as a precious memorial of his American campaign."

This gossip took place during an absence of the General's, to whom we did not intend to mention the subject until Tuckerman's letter should arrive. However, one day at dinner, Specchi alluded, in joke, to the black slaves, and Garibaldi, smiling, required an explanation.

Our secret thus half betrayed, I was obliged to divulge the whole. Listening to our project, the countenance of the hero of both worlds grew animated. His thoughts conveyed him to the ravaged countries; he saw the land of liberty contaminated by the blood of civil war. He beheld, shuddering, the scarred flesh of human creatures, he heard the rattling of the chains, the hiss of the whips, the blasphemy of

ferocious overseers, and a strong emotion seized him.

"I thank you for writing the letter to our friend. The Americans of the Northern States are proud, and would reject help, unless it were that for which they had officially applied. For us it would be a noble undertaking, greater than you imagine." He appeared to reflect, and continued, speaking to himself. "Four thousand two hundred miles, and more, from New York to Rio della Plato!"

We looked at each other. He seemed absorbed by some great thought.

"The struggle will be short—the enemy is demoralised—disarmed by conscience."

We were carried away by our enthusiasm, and blinded by it to difficulty, danger, and death.

They were just going to take leave, when we heard a furious barking and fighting of dogs in the kitchen. We ran to separate the combatants—no easy matter when the use of a stick is forbidden. The canine battle raged between the strange dog belonging to George Sanna, and the General's dogs—Marsala, Buccio, and Capua. The dogs resented the intrusion, and showed the stranger their fangs. He was,

doubtless, accustomed to give and receive such compliments; for he kept his assailants off very bravely. The General turned pale, and looked quite upset. He signed to us not to interfere, and called off his infuriated dogs. The ill-timed visitor took advantage of the moment to make his escape. Stagneti ventured to observe, that Marsala had his ear bitten through. Garibaldi interrupted him:

"Which ear? He is wounded in the neck! Do not you see?"

He seemed quite relieved at the opportunity of expressing his feelings, and ordered Galleano to bring some salt and water, that he might himself wash the wounds of his faithful followers.

The hour at last arrived in which I must tear myself away from the simple pleasures I had been enjoying with my General. I quitted his humble house with great regret. When I shut my eyes, I can fancy I see it all again distinctly. What happiness dwells in those poorly-furnished rooms! How many miles would I not travel to walk again by his side, look in his eyes, and meet their kind glance! What a pleasure it would be to hear him speak my name, to receive the hoe from his hand, with the words, "*Amuse yourself with me!*" then

calling me his friend. He so great, I so little!

On the eve of my departure, while closing some letters I had written for him, he said, as if to himself—

"The wind is off Libeccio—the sea will be rough in the mouth of Bonifaccio—do you suffer?"

"No, General."

"I do not think you have been made a deputy. Why should you leave for the continent?" he asked.

"Business! business!" I replied.

He rose and left the room, but returning immediately he gave me another packet of letters.

"Be so kind—since you have resolved to go—to run your eye over these letters, and answer those you think ought to be answered."

Next day at noon I was obliged to go. Madame Deiderj kissed me; she was in tears. Teresita looked grave. My friends accompanied me; some to the beach, some even as far as Maddalena. My good General was hammering away at his granite rock. I went to embrace him, my voice trembled as I bade him farewell. He squeezed my hand in his mighty palm, and said,—

"We shall see one another soon, hey? Here —you are always *welcome*."

I was too overpowered to reply. We embraced three times, and I went away with a bursting heart. I returned to shake hands once more with Teresita, Madame Deiderj, Specchi, and Fruscianti, and departed. Passing by the oven. I remarked that the General had turned his back to us in order to avoid the pain of another leave-taking.

As the boat ran into Maddalena, I looked back from afar at the little white house perched on the rocks, and murmured—

"There dwells a part of my soul!"

C. AUGUSTO VECCHJ.

Villa Spinola, March, 1861.—I think the following letter will not be otherwise than appropriate. I received it by Fruscianti, together with a very precious gift. It is as follows:—

"Caprera, March, 1861.

"MY DEAR VECCHJ—In return for the new hoe you have sent me, I send you the one I have used for so many years in my rural labours.

"Since gardening is a pleasure of yours, make use of the tool as a visible witness of my ever-

present thought, which is, that men, better advised, should use the precious metal, iron, not in killing one another, but in procuring the greatest possible amount of material prosperity for the human race.

"With affection, yours,

* * * * * *

The 10th July, 1861, found me once more on board the steamer *Virgilio*, bound for Caprera. Leaning on the bulwark of the vessel as she sped through the water, I gazed on Villa Spinola and the fast receding eastern coast glittering in the brilliant sunshine, and thought of the years that had passed since I made this same voyage after the death of my beloved wife. Since then another came this same way, his heart stricken by political events that might make him for ever a foreigner in his native land. And I had had the privilege of receiving and comforting this man who had so nobly sacrificed himself for his country's good. Then, after a short breathing time in which he matured a great

idea, he had left the same overhanging cliffs to set sail for Marsala at the head of a thousand devoted followers, to free and make one the noble land of heroism and song. Now to his isle of refuge I was again going to resume the pleasant friendly intercourse that business had obliged me to interrupt for a while.

On board the steamboat I found Fruscianti, who also, after some months' absence, was returning to his post at the side of his chosen General. Stricken with an intermittent fever while going from Calabria to Naples, he had obtained leave of absence, and had gone to visit his family at Terni, to see if by change of air he could recover his health and strength. This, happily, had been thoroughly effected.

Next day, at two P.M., we were in the port of Maddalena. We saw a boat push off to meet us, and some red shirts in it bowing to us. They were Menotti and Stagneti, who had come to fetch us. Having embraced heartily, we placed all the packing-cases, letters, and newspapers, directed to the General, into a small boat, and set sail for Caprera.

The islands we passed are wild and beautiful, at once tempting and forbidding, with their great granite rocks crumbled and rounded by

the furious breakers beneath; while above, the arid sands and barren cliffs are dotted with tufts of broom, lentisk, and myrtle. In the Straits of Moneta the sea is full of sharply-pointed, sunken rocks, most dangerous in stormy weather. The quantity of wrecked boats to be seen among the rocks are sufficient to prove the disastrous nature of the coast. A skilful pilot, and there is none like Garibaldi, can alone thread this difficult passage. About a month ago, a Corsican captain would have lost his brigantine on these rocks, if it had not been for the General, who, seeing his distress from Mrs. Collins's house, where he had gone to pay a visit, hastened out to rescue him.

In less than an hour we landed at Porto Militare. Caprera again awakened the same emotions that I had felt when for the first time I trod its wild, rocky shore. A man cannot help feeling an altered being, for is it not the abode of a great mind full of mute energy which only reveals itself in action? I feel the air bright and exhilarating here as on the summits and high passes of the mountains. A spot more fitted for Garibaldi, a more appropriate pedestal to the colossal statue of his fame, an asylum better suited for his stern

meditations and serious pleasures, could never be found than this storm-beaten island. Among these wild waves and beetling rocks lives he who has refused all that man could offer; equally indifferent to power, to fame, to wealth; in peace, as in war, he sacrifices himself to the happiness of others.

As soon as Fruscianti and I had landed, and stowed away our bags in the arsenal, a small building erected during my absence near Porto Militare, we went up the road, which was bordered by white flowering myrtles and other bushes, from the boughs of which the birds carolled their sweet songs. We had not gone far before we were met by Garibaldi, a telescope in his right hand; his left, disabled by gout, in a handkerchief, knotted round his neck as a sling. He was hurrying down to meet me.

After satisfying all his questions, we turned back towards the sea-shore, where a boat, steered by Menotti, was bringing a quantity of packing-cases, balls, and provisions, from the steamer, all sent to the General from Italy and other countries.

On the beach, we found L. Ad. Wolff, our companion-in-arms at Rome, Sicily, and Naples. He received a warm welcome. The expression

of Garibaldi's face once seen is never to be forgotten. His dark eyes are at once so resolute, so kind, and so sad. His mouth accords perfectly with the expression of his eyes; and when he opens his lips, everyone feels that nothing but what is serious, earnest, and beautiful, can come from them. The sight of the General's kind face quite overcame Wolff, whose emotion was increased when he said—

"You are welcome, Commandante. War is a sad thing. . . , Yet, amidst its perils, it makes known to us enemies we dreamed not of, and friends such as you are."

On the terrace, the appearance of things was quite changed. The addition to the old house had risen two stories, and some workmen were just going to set about covering the roof with asphalte. The new garden had been inclosed by a wall, and adorned with orange and other fruit trees. The little court was full of weeds, asphodels, and stones. The iron house had been put up also, and very light and elegant it looked. A row or two of trees would greatly improve the appearance of the place, if the wind would but allow them to grow. Changes had also been made in the interior of the abode.

The general no longer occupied his damp bedroom, but had changed it for the one that belonged to Teresita before her marriage. Basso and Menotti had now a room in the iron house; the others being converted into storerooms for wood, &c. What had been the secretary's room was now Carpeneti and Stagneti's. The newcomers stowed themselves away as best they could.

I preferred a tent for my sleeping apartment, so I asked for one; and choosing a spot sheltered from the winds, opposite my General's window, got my friends to set it up for me.

The old occupations soon recommenced. I have again been writing letters for the General; they were chiefly answers to the fair daughters of Albion and Holland, and to people of every grade and condition in Italy, all asking for autographs, advice, or consolation. There were some letters that had been waiting several months for me. This work was varied with hoeing in the garden, and watering the olives, pumpkins, cucumbers, and melons. The General watches over his seeds with tender interest. I found him quite grieved at the sight of a broken fig bough, which some care-

less person had torn down in plucking the fruit. If, while working, he happens to perceive a plant that is withered or drooping, he leaves off directly and endeavours to recover it.

To understand the manner in which his mind is influenced by surrounding nature, it is necessary to know that he believes in "unity;" that is, that everything, animate and inanimate, is but the varied manifestation of one essence.

He says, "The great Spirit of eternal *Life* is in everything! These plants, these fruit trees, even these hard granite rocks, have a soul. It may be rudimentary—but there it is. Do not geologists speak of affinity among metals? Botanists of love among plants? and do not we see them reproduce themselves before our eyes? We have speech; the brutes motion. Plants are speechless; stones motionless; but I believe they speak a language, although we are unable to understand it. Oh! what a pleasure it is to imagine what they say when they are thirsty, or when their roots cannot breathe! I feel happy in Fontanaccia (a name given to his vineyard), because I can prop the plants laid low by the wind, tie the weak to a stick, bind up the wounds of those whose branches have been broken, and sprinkle

sulphur over those attacked by the mildew. It is incomprehensible to me why a youthful lover plucks off flowers, and binds them together as an offering emblematical of his ardour for his mistress. I do not understand how a gentle loving girl can in sport pluck a daisy to pieces to see how much she is beloved! Mothers and teachers should not permit such heartless amusements."

Thus we chatted when alone—love in our acts, love in our thoughts. Sometimes besides we talked of the Pope and his temporal power, comparing it to the oïdium, the disease that destroys the vine. The ruin caused by one lasting for centuries, the other for years. And we proposed the same remedy for both—sulphur. We spoke of the cure—grafting the cross on the crown, in the same way as we had joined the provinces of the south to the provinces of the north, which diplomacy had forbidden, but which we chose in its despite to do. For the new graft to take surely we wished for the most skilful of gardeners.

We have found at last a means of keeping the ants out of the orchard; and have also been delivered from the hornets that infested our rooms by the beaks of our tame gulls.

From this we augur that we shall soon have the south ready for service, prepared to give a friendly hint to the strangers at Rome to depart, to clean the Augean Stable, and to take the hideous fortresses that deface the fair lands of Italy and Istria, and prevent the real unity of our country. But, alas! the minister was not there to profit by our wise discourse.

We compare the leaves that are bursting forth to the young who are growing up for their country's good; the ferola, that poisonous plant so destructive to our herds, to the wretches who invent tortures and punishments to tranquillize the terrors of the tyrant. Some of our favourite topics also were the moral condition of our age and human progress, which discourses were generally concluded by a paraphrase on life; that is, giving food to the hungry in mind and body, and freedom to the oppressed; raising women to our level; giving life instead of death: I mean, substituting an improved education for capital punishment.

In such discourses the evenings were spent—sunrise always found us ready for the work of the day.

I had often heard of the wind in Caprera. Elsewhere it is a scourge, more or less biting;

here it is a hurricane. This night it howled through the plants, laying them low. The rocks re-echoed with the voice of the storm; the waves dashed furiously against the cliffs; the sound was so mighty, that it deafened the misguided mortal who ventured out of doors to listen to it, and blew him *ipso facto* to the ground. Fortunately for me my tent was near and partly sheltered. I closed it firmly and lighted a candle to read; but the wind penetrated under the door, and, blowing out the light, put a stop to my reading. Next I tried to make a paper shade to protect my light, but a gust entering from a chink overhead threatened me with an *auto da fé;* so I gave up all further thoughts of reading, and remained in the dark, amusing myself as well as I could with my own reflections until I fell asleep.

Next morning the General came past my tent and invited me to follow him to the vineyard on the mountain side, to help him to sulphur the vines. As we went he pointed out two cows feeding together, and said,

"They will stay there alone together till noon, and then they will climb a little way up the hill to a spot where all the animals that graze here about go for their afternoon's rest. The

people of this island never speak of the rest of cattle after eating as a siesta, they have a word of their own, *merrigiate* (nooning); I think it is a good word, and advise you to make use of it."

A little farther, on the other side of the path, we came upon a solitary calf. The General stopped, and pointing to it said—

"That is poor Brunetta's child. You remember the day he was born. Now he is an orphan. The poor mother got her foot wedged between two pieces of rock and could not free herself; the carrion crows, those priests of the desert, hovering over head, were the first indications we had of her accident and death. I have lost several other cows through their eating the *ferola*. The merinos are all four dead. Some of the oxen I have been able to save by giving them a dose of the purgative medicine, *Le Roy*. Menotti, who has the care of them, thinks he has saved them, The ferola has done much harm to my poor cattle."

Mounting higher we came to the place where the General had formerly told me I might build a house and dig a garden. The sight of the place gave me a certain emotion. A wall of rugged rocks protected it from the fury of the

blast, and tall lentisks, growing in the clefts, adorned the sides of the mountain. On the rocks, on the side where the mountain rises, are the ruins of two rough huts. This was the place my friend proposed for my solitary abode. At this instant a shepherd called Zonza, who lives in the mountainous part of the isle, came up, and seeing the General, stopped to tell him of his doings.

I took advantage of the opportunity to indulge a passing day-dream, and throwing away my cigar, I seated myself on a stone, and with my head resting on my hands was soon lost in thought.

Oh, what a charming dwelling my fancy conjured up here! There was the little house, overgrown with creeping plants and surrounded with its pretty garden. Within, I saw distinctly parlour, library, and bedrooms; everything in short was there that could make life sweet, but one thing. The gentle companion, with her heartfelt smile, her tender guiding hand, and tuneful voice, was gone from me. Alas! such was my dream, a dream without hope.

The General touched me on the shoulder, saying, "Are you asleep?"

"No; I was thinking of what a paradise I

might have made in this spot, were she only here to share it with me. But God's will be done!"

"You are right—Love is life! I also strongly feel the want of it. Oh, the illusion! For where can we find women who would understand us, who would be happy away from the vanities of the world? It is difficult. Perhaps a kind English woman might—try."

We resumed our walk. I had a fancy in my mind from the General's words that I had offended him, so to appease him I continued aloud—

"When a woman entertains a sincere affection, it is an offence to speak of her nationality, General. The daughters of Eve are born with the same feelings of duty and self-devotion in England, in Brazil, in France, in Italy, in Holland, and in Germany. I flatter myself with the hope that it is possible to find one among them who will be able to sympathise with me. Perhaps—should the political riddle that keeps us all in suspense ever be solved—when free from every other thought, I may be able to tell you that I have found such a companion."

"Then you will have nothing more to desire; I understand you," he said.

By this time we were close by the rough fence of the vineyard. We went in, and he turned up the diseased bunches for me to sulphur. Our thoughts were changed and so was our conversation—the General telling me of the good wine he expected to make from this vineyard.

We were to have gone to work next day in the vineyard of Fontanaccia, but the General, again attacked by his old enemy, the gout, remained in bed and took some of the medicine *Le Roy* to clear his system. I went out early to the three lakes, and found their basins dried up by the heat of summer, and now being used to tread out corn in. Thence I went to pick up pumice stones and corals, and to take a bath. I found a spacious and beautiful grotto under the cliff, which Dido might have envied me. I undressed and enjoyed a bath in the blue sea that rippled enticingly at my feet; the little fishes swimming around me in such numbers that, on re-entering the grotto, it seemed to me no longer a cavern but a nest.

On my return, I heard that the General had been asking for me. I went in to talk to him, but found him very suffering. What an enviable position is mine, to be able thus freely to enjoy friendly intercourse with so great a

mind! His words are few, but when he does give expression to a thought, who can describe the pleasure of the listener! The one principle of his life—devotion to the good of his fellow-creatures—is so apparent in everything he says. After speaking of some of the schemes he entertained for the amelioration of his country and of mankind, he said, with a deep-drawn sigh,—

"Ah! why am I not twenty years younger? . . . Or at least, if I suffered less in my body, I could wait more patiently for the pleasure of our magnanimous ally, and of the alarmists, who never were capable of a good deed! instead . . . old and worn, I am a useless instrument of the majestic will of the people."

To change his ideas I proposed going into the garden, and bringing him word how his melons and cucumbers were thriving. There were none ripe, although several were full-grown, and beginning to have a golden tinge. Our discourse then turned on gardening and Caprera, and he said,

"By the way, I jotted down on a piece of paper yesterday some verses on this subject. As I have no secrets for you, if you can find them on the little table, you may read them.

. . . There, under the green book—yes; the book in your hand. I repeat, they came into my head. If you like them, you may have them."

They were entitled "Caprera," and were unfinished.

To-day the General is better, and as there is a merry-making in the neighbouring island, Menotti, Basso, and Stagneti, set off in the boat in high spirits. I watched them from above, as they hoisted sail and pushed off. The day before we had unpacked a camp bed that Captain de Rohan had sent as a present from London, and now we had the pleasure of seeing the hero recline at his ease on it, with his suffering foot propped on a down pillow. When I entered the room to wish him good morning, the sun-light was streaming through the window, making everything look cheerful. He motioned me to sit down by him, and light my cigar, before sealing up some letters I had been writing for him. In answer to a letter from Temajo, the Director of the "Institution Garibaldi" at Palermo—the only one out of the many similar institutions that Garibaldi has founded that the authorities have maintained—I wrote:—

"You have given me a real pleasure in sending me the two coloured photographs of the groups of pretty children under your care. Dear little boys! Kiss them all round for me, and thank them for the affection they show me in return for the *little I have been able to do for them.*"

He was about to sign his name at the bottom of this, when suddenly instead he dashed his pen through this last phrase, and looking at me, said,

"I wish you would re-write this letter, and leave out all that nonsense. When God puts you in the way of doing good, do it, and hold your tongue. It is my duty to set a good example to these dear children."

The children of whom we were speaking, were the dirty, ragged, neglected little outcasts of the streets of Palermo. The General had had them taken into the College of Jesuits, having first cleared that building of these destroyers of morals, and there they had been cleaned, clothed, and taught. Nobody would have thought these photographs could have been the portraits of the same children, so rosy, plump, and clean had they become.

These children of indigence and shame, who,

neglected, would most certainly have led a life of rapine and murder, to be ended in the galleys, may become—thanks to Garibaldi—brave soldiers, intelligent men, perhaps even statesmen; at any rate, respectable citizens, worthy of our country.

We had been alone together for several hours; Carpeneti being busy in another room making the General a new mattrass, and Fruscianti trenching the recently-planted trees and plants, to keep them alive during the burning heats. Thus undisturbed, away from everything that could distract the mind, our thoughts flowed freely and our conversation became most intimate.

My General related some of the events of his varied life, from the commencement of his career, when he was a sailor, to the time when he became a soldier; recalling his numerous voyages to Constantinople, to Rio Janeiro, to Van Diemen's Land, to New York, to Monte Video, to Lima, to Canton; and speaking of the many nations he had visited; of the many races he had been acquainted with; of how much he had learnt from his adventurous, wandering life; of the many friends he had lost; of the many privations he had endured; of the in-

justice he had suffered. Also, how he had been preserved from the natural vanity of his heart by the thanksgivings of the peoples he had saved. Lastly, he referred to the virgin forests and endless pampas of the torrid zone, so full of mute eloquence, and of the mighty power of a living God; and that when at Gualeguai, his thoughts, reverting to his distant and enslaved native land, had found vent in the following little hymn, which I wrote down from his dictation:—

I.

"'Tis not where pompous gardens
Hang beautiful with roses;
'Tis not 'mid marble arches
That e'er my heart reposes;
But in the shady woodland brake
My spirit its joy would take.

II.

"Tis not when heaven is smiling,
And when the zephyr's kiss
In breasts of happy beings
Awakes a throbbing bliss;
But when the tempest's fury breaketh,
Earth from her centre shaketh.

III.

"'Tis not when Thetis bears me
Upon her glassy waves,
Nor when the lava simmers
Calm in its mountain caves;
But when the billows crested rush,
The streams from the crater gush.

IV.

"What is thy dulcet music,
Italia, to me,
Unless the hostile weapons
Of Gaul and Germany;
Arouse thy vile, unwarlike heart,
With shame's embittered smart?

V.

"Oh, might I see thy mansions
Ruined and desolate,
And from the Alpine summits
Thy desert contemplate,
Watching with cold sardonic smile
Each city's smoking pile:

VI.

"Rather than see thee trembling
Beneath a Vandal's whip,
So long disgraced, bespotted,
The scorn of every lip,
And still renouncing stolid, tame,
Thy destiny of fame."

Then followed a long political discussion, in which my General spoke of Venice, Rome, Naples, and Nice, the place of his birth; and who can find it in his heart to blame him, if he did speak of this cession bitterly? Overcome by his feelings, he burst forth—

"And Caprera! Who knows but they will rob me of this my last wild shelter! Do you think that they are not capable of repeating the monstrous act here? God grant that such feudal baseness be not renewed to break my heart completely."

"No, General," I cried, "no! the Italian nation will never permit such an attempt—no, never. . . ."

After a pause, during which he folded and unfolded a paper, he resumed—

"You are a good friend. You know how miserable they are, and will not say so, although they call us evil-doers, because we love our country too well to bend to their caprices. My plan for a national arming was based on the old Piedmontese statute. It only required calling into force. Did you see how perversely it was annihilated? They would disarm all but the men they have drilled into inert sticks. Yet, if they wanted preservers, sincere patriots; if they

were not concealing secret plans, they would not doubt me and mine; they would permit us to institute a force like the English volunteers in the United Kingdom. I repeat, I abhor war, I have to struggle with myself every time I order a battalion to charge the enemy. But it was to avoid war that I wanted the Government to arm the nation. Diplomacy will feel quite differently towards us, drawn up in battle array, six hundred thousand strong, ready to fight for our country from the Alps to the Guarnero. The French will remember that Rome is Italy, and that we are not men to permit any excess against the Vatican, or the poor old priests saying their orisons there. The Austrians will understand that the hour strikes for them to clear out of Venice. Nor will Spain ask of her patron what attitude she should assume. Nor Prussia look with an evil eye on Austria's humiliation. Nor Russia raise the Ukase to frighten us. Nor England be displeased to have us for a strong, loyal friend. The people of Paris will applaud. Ah! I love them. . . ."

I let him talk; it did him good, made him forget alike his physical and moral pains; but I did not answer him, and so after a time we became silent.

Menotti, Basso, and Stagneti have just come back from Maddalena. They told us that when they arrived there, they found the Sardes amusing themselves with dragging an old boat through the streets, from the port to the square, preparatory to breaking it up for a bonfire at night. Men always seem to enjoy themselves most in destruction! At this even the greatest poltroons can work with energy. Between every push and pull they shouted—

"Viva Garibaldi! Ahoy! Viva Victor Emmanuel! Ahoy! Viva Italy! Ahoy!

Then they described the dancing. The islanders of Galura, as in all the different provinces of Sardinia, have a dance of their own, which they call the *duro duro*. It is as follows:—Every young man chooses the girl he likes best, takes her by the hand, and goes to form part of a large circle. Sometimes the music is composed of a tabour and two flutes, made of cane, and called *truelli*, one longer than the other: these the musicians blow, taking breath together, and timing their strange, monotonous tune to the movements of the dancers' feet. The young men sing, and improvise love verses, addressed to their partners, who look as if secretly they liked them,

though outwardly they affect the utmost indifference.

Begun in sport, these flirtations occasionally end in various jealousies and cruel vengeances; but more often in weddings and happiness. My friends, Menotti especially, will dance the *duro duro* throughout the two days, during which, with songs, bonfires, and toasts, the name of Mary Magdalene is celebrated in the island.

I also went to Maddalena during the festival. I had been invited to dine with good old Captain Roberts, whose name I have already had occasion to mention. I went principally to accompany Casimir Basso, the brother of our friend John, and some others, who had come to pay their respects to the General in his island.

The village is picturesquely situated on a rocky acclivity along the shore of a little bay, which is used as a port. The houses are placed in two parallel rows, crossed by narrow streets that lead up the cliffs. In the winter time it is swept by the wind and rain. In the summer, the bushes of myrtle, lentisk, cactus, and figs, on the surrounding heights, are scorched up, as in Sicily, by the burning sun. I can scarcely imagine a spot more unfavourable for existence,

whether for animals or vegetables. But industry has gained the victory. The inhabitants sow patches of corn wherever they can, plant vineyards, and take active service, particularly in the Royal Navy, whenever they have an opportunity. Every child born there knows his destiny from the earliest age. His mother whispers it in his ear; his father, and stern necessity, oblige him to follow it. Among the festive crowd you meet old pensioners, prettily-dressed children, and numbers of good-looking girls, with sparkling eyes, which seem to tell of hopes deferred. The lads of the same age are away in service, and are constantly sending love-letters and promises of marriage from the mainland: let us hope they keep them!

The houses of these Government-pensioners are small and neat, and as carefully kept as the cabins of the ships in which they have been educated.

The presence of the General in Caprera has been quite a god-send to the place. There is a sort of inn, which owns a pair of fine eyes, in lieu of a sign, and is most exorbitant in its charges. There are but few shops, quite inadequate to provide for the wants of the royal ships here on station, or the yachts of the

curious, enthusiastic English visitors who come so often.

I have outlived all taste for these noisy revels. I prefer the conversation of a man with whom I can sympathise and exchange ideas. I, therefore, stayed with old Roberts. He had been the friend of Lord Byron, Theresa Guicioli, Shelley, and Miss Clairmon (I had been acquainted with the two ladies); a great traveller in his youth, he had now plenty to tell of. I have to thank him for many happy hours spent in his company.

Some days ago, Captain Beaugrand, of the schooner *Emma*, now anchored off Caprera, undergoing some slight repairs, had invited me to go a pleasure-trip with him. I took advantage of the General's restored health to ask for leave of absence to make an excursion to the island of Tavolara, whose proprietor had also invited me last February to pay him a visit; Menotti, Basso, Dowling, and Susini accompanied me. There was hardly any wind, and our voyage would have been tedious had we not had such pleasant companions; as it was, we were "youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm."

We turned the isle of Caprera by the desolate

headland off Point Galera, passed between the island of Monaci and the Eccellenti sandbank, coasted round Cape Figari, and steering midway between Barca Sconcia and two islets, without names, we entered the Bay of Spalinatore, and cast anchor in the little port of Tavolara, before the abode of Paul Bertoleoni, the owner of the island. I had caught a glimpse, last year, of this spot, which offers such pleasures to the sportsman, and such poor returns to the husbandman, when we visited the bay of Orange-trees.

In fact, from the time of the Romans to our own, no one, with the exception of Giuseppino of glorious memory, has ever attempted to cultivate these rocks; and he, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, took it into his head to build a hut and found a dynasty here. When Charles Albert visited Sardinia for the first time, he passed a decree, that the barren islets which surround the main island should belong respectively to their neighbouring parishes. On this, Giuseppino presented himself and petitioned the king not to include his island in the decree, as by so doing he would be deprived of the hard-earned fruit of his labours. The king received him very kindly, and hearing that he had also planted vines and sown corn in

the island of Santa Maria, graciously presented him with both islands. After this the courtiers, in jest, hailed him as King of the Rocks.

The reign of Giuseppino passed without war, but not entirely without political bickerings. Once, his subjects, following their instincts, or the suggestions of a conspiring chief, descended in the night-time from the almost inaccessible mountain, broke into the inclosures that protected the cultivated land, and destroyed everything. The angry monarch had recourse to the all-persuasive arguments of his fowling-piece; and that night's enjoyment and licence cost the rebels their lives. "Order," to quote the famous words of Marshal Sebastiano, in Warsaw, when, in 1831, it was enforced by the Russian army; "order reigned henceforth in his dominions;" and the wild goats returned to their lairs in the mountain fastnesses, which are so rugged that none but those weary of this world would ever think of attempting them.

But more serious troubles disturbed the repose of his successor, Paul I., about six years ago.

On the second of November, there was a furious storm of wind, and a bark was driven ashore. The good prince ran to see if he could

help the crew in their extreme need. He shouted to them to steer to larboard, and then, finding that of no avail, he got out his own boat, saved the captain and crew, and brought them all under his hospitable roof. In three days, the fury of the storm abated, and the sea became calm enough to permit of a notice of the shipwreck being sent to the consul at Terranova. He came himself to Tavolara to examine the case, accompanied by many people, who took this opportunity to see the place. The ship, which was loaded with rice, was soon unladen; the unspoilt rice being stowed away in a shed, while the spoilt was thrown away on the beach, and generously presented to the king as food for his chickens. But one evening, there came an active captain from Maddalena, who, seeing what was going on, went and unloaded the cargo of chestnuts that his own vessel contained in a neighbouring islet, returned at nightfall to the shed, came to an understanding with the captain of the wrecked vessel, who was a guest of Paul, and carried off half the rice that had been saved, which he subsequently sold at Bonifacio.

The ship was insured. The case was inquired into. A peculation was suspected; some of the

rice was seen on the shore, some near the royal residence; and Paul I. was imprisoned. The captain, when called on to give evidence, had the baseness to accuse the poor king of the theft, in order to save. himself. Paul I. was condemned to five years' imprisonment, and the captain from Maddalena, who had sold the rice and made a profit, only to three! When I first mentioned this prince I knew nothing of his misfortunes; although, from his melancholy face and hesitating speech, I guessed his heart was full of bitterness.

As Menotti and Susini were telling me this, we entered the little port close to the house the ill-starred prince. I took up the double sea-glass and beheld a great confusion in the court. Paul appeared and disappeared with great velocity—his consort did the same. Two princesses occasionally showed their timid heads. Three times did the monarch take his little girl by the hand and approach the port, and then turn back again. All this hurrying to and fro indicated a feverish excitement in the royal mind. From the Emma's main mast was floating the French flag, and as the king of Tavolara had been reading in the newspapers, that the disinterested ideas of our magnanimous ally

always required remuneration, and that now, after having swallowed Savoy and Nice, he was preparing for the great mouthful of Sardinia, he naturally thought that in such a general state of decay and retrogression his dominions would be the next to be devoured. But as soon as he recognised our familiar faces and red shirts he felt reassured.

A dog, who performed the office of porter, barked joyfully. A pig, master of the ceremonies, in a hairy white livery, made known to us by a grunt that we were welcome. The little girl, who observed an extinguished cigar in my hand, offered me a fusee with courtly grace. The Queen is a pleasing matron; and the two princesses, Maria Angiola and Laura, are agreeable and amiable. The royal palace has only one story, on account of the north wind that rages in the island during winter. On the side facing the sea it is shaped like a castle, which would have been finished with a battlemented tower, had the revenues of the State permitted so heavy an outlay.

I went out to collect herbs and stones. The rock, which forms the chief part of the island, is calcareous. But there are also red granite, white sparkling mica, and a kind of very hard stone

found embedded in the sandstone. The native plants are the myrtle, lentisk, broom, wild olive; a resinous tree of low growth, with a flower whose petals are blue and calyx white, which last does not change colour when the plant seeds. Perhaps it is to this plant, which is not found on any of the neighbouring islets, that the strange appearance of the teeth of the herbivora here may be attributed.

The plants that have been introduced are the potato, the different kinds of corn, the vine, the tree that provided our first parents with clothes, and the carob of Calabria, whose seeds have been scattered here by chance.[1]

[1] CAROB (*Ceratonia Siliqua*), St. John's Bread. St. John's Bread, or the Carob Tree, is a remarkable plant found wild in all the countries skirting the Mediterranean, especially in the Levant. At Malta it is almost the only tree that grows. The foliage is dark. It belongs to the natural order Leguminosæ, among which it is singular for the very unusual circumstance of its flowers having no petals. The pods contain a sweet, nutritious pulp, and are sometimes seen in the fruiterers' shops in London. They are a common article of food in the countries where the tree grows wild. "At the present day it is sent from Palestine to Alexandria in ship-loads, and from thence across the Mediterranean, and as far as Constantinople, where it is sold in all the shops. The pulp resembles manna in taste and consistence, and is sometimes used as sugar to preserve other substances. It is supposed to have been the food of St. John in the wilderness, whence its name. The plant grows in great abundance in the wilder-

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The animals on the hills are sheep, which furnish the frugal table of the king with lambs and milk, and wild goats with thick long twisted horns, almost like those of the Stammbok, and with strange-looking metallic teeth, resembling gold in their colour and brilliancy. The sea abounds with excellent fish. So much for the flora and fauna of the kingdom of Tavolara.

While talking of the island, I asked the monarch if he had ever found any ancient coins in Tavolara.

"My father," replied he, "once found one of copper while digging."

I asked him to show it me. Laura immediately went to fetch it, while King Paul continued—

"Last year, digging near the foundations of an old building, I turned up several square flat tiles with turned-up edges, such as are no longer used in these parts, and a piece of lead as large as a flagstone, which I melted down into bullets. I made the search at the suggestion of a friend, who thought there must be treasure under these ruins."

ness of Palestine, where its produce is, at this day, used for food. It is called by the Arabs Kharoob."—WALSH. See *Penny Cyclopædia*.

Meanwhile Laura returned with the coin. It was much cut about, and to my surprise, round the head of an emperor, I read GALLIENU, and in the circle round the figure of this warrior poet, who had a sphere in his right hand and a lance in his left, VIRTUSA. He was the husband of the famous Salonina. Menotti and Basso, who had gone out fishing, returned with well-filled baskets. We now took leave of our hosts, and promising to be up and ready next day at dawn for a hunt, we returned to the schooner, where a capital dinner was awaiting us.

Next morning we were aroused very early by the crowing of the cocks on the island. The munificent sovereign, in spite of our having refused them the day before, sent us two legs of pork and a live sheep on board. Our boats being ready, we lost no time in pulling ashore.

The island of Tavolara is about nine miles in circumference. The northern coast is terminated in a long promontory, which forms a magnificent natural harbour. The rocks are crowned with lentisks, wild olives, and several kinds of aromatic herbs. The wild goats feed on these plants, and at sunrise, the hill-side, on the shore of the natural harbour, is their

favourite place of resort. We hunters, of course, turned our steps in the same direction. We posted ourselves at stated distances to wait for them, but *sero venientibus ossa;* the horned family had already paid their morning visit to the little bay, and had by this time returned, gay, unsuspicious, and frolicsome, to their inaccessible heights. There was nothing to be done but to scramble up after them. This was done with some little trouble. Directly we came within reach of them, Menotti fired two shots, both of which missed, and Dowling one, which also did not hit, although he had taken an elaborate aim. This sent the herd off at full speed. The buck alone stopped an instant to see where the unwonted noise came from, and his curiosity cost him his life; for, just as he was turning to bound after his companions, Basso sent a ball through his heart, and the powerful beast, giving two leaps in the air, fell to rise no more. Judging by its horns, it was about eleven years old. It was disembowelled on the spot, and dragged over the rocks down to the beach.

Having placed it in the boat, and collected our scattered party, we put out to sea again, in order to visit the south coast of the island.

This coast is most rugged and picturesque. The rocks rise perpendicularly from out the water, forming huge crevasses, grottoes, and caves, which, the king told us, had been formerly infested with banditti and smugglers.

When we returned from this expedition, we invited King Paul, and the princesses Maria Angiola and Laura, to dine with us on board the schooner. We did our best to furnish a repast worthy such great company; but, as there were no flowers to be got at this time of year on the island, we could not do much in the way of decoration. To make up for this, we said all the pretty things we could think of.

Dinner over, we accompanied our guests to the gates of the palace, and then went off to the coast of Sardinia to get wood for torches, that we might have an *allumata* that night in the bay.

Menotti is tolerably skilful with the harpoon. He set off, promising us plenty of fish, while Beaugrand went to meet him with a net from the opposite side. I wished them good luck, and retired to my room to write. In the morning, when I got up, I saw my friends, quite worn out, fast asleep. They had only brought in twenty pounds or so of fish; not enough to

compensate for a whole night out of bed. Going up on deck, I saw King Paul rowing towards Sardinia. He was going to ask a friend to act as Regent in Tavolara during his absence. Menotti had persuaded him to come back next day (the third of August) in the schooner and visit Caprera, with the two princesses.

Wishing to set out early in the morning, I went ashore to hasten the royal party's departure. But the munificent prince had sent his eldest son up the mountains to catch a sheep to add to our provisions on board. Being obliged to remain till there should be wind enough to fill our sails, I permitted him this unparalleled piece of generosity. At last, however, all was ready, and we weighed anchor.

The king's sons were rough mountaineers. How could they have been otherwise? Born on an isolated rock, never seeing a stranger except once a year, when they go to the Feast of St. Sulpice at Terranova, and not even knowing how to read! Indeed, I saw no traces of books throughout the palace. The princesses were very merry girls, with most engaging manners, without the least trace of rusticity. They were in such a state of excitement at the anticipated

delights of this trip, that they told us they had been quite unable to sleep the night before.

Having, with great trouble, got clear of the gulf, the sea became so still, that we were becalmed for more than two hours under a burning sun. The princesses, at first, seemed greatly disposed to be ill, but we kept them so well amused that they soon forgot all about it. At last, a breeze sprang up, and in three hours we landed our princesses, brisk and gay, at Caprera.

We were received with complaints at our long absence, the General alone excusing us on account of the want of wind. He was up at Fontanaccia, watering his plants. We went thither to find him. Directly I saw him, I said, laughing—

"General, the Romans have stolen the daughters of King Tarsus, and carried off the Sabines."

"Always filibustering," he answered. "Well, I am surprised at such a steady man as you doing such things. Good day, father Paul, and ladies many thanks for this visit. I hope you will stay some time with us."

"We are going to Santa Maria to see our relatives, so we took advantage of Signor Menotti's kind invitation, and—"

"Oh! you must not run away yet," said the General. "My friends shall take you wherever you wish."

The guests went to the house, where Madame Deiderj gave them a kind reception. The General detained me to hear an account of our proceedings. Thinking of the coast of Tavolara so abounding in fish, of the grandeur of its scenery, of its figs, carobs, and black mulberry trees, I could not help exclaiming,

"Ah, General! you would have done better to have bought Tavolara of Bertoleoni. There you would have been still more solitary, more quiet, further from the steamboats. What do you say to it?"

"Eh! . . ." he replied. "It would be burying myself alive; a sort of moral suicide. Even you would not have come to find me out there."

"I—ah, yes! and willingly. When I am with you, I feel that I live. Everybody who knows you feels—"

"Say, candidly, you are not weary of the bustle of the world."

I laughed, and the conversation turned on other matters. He spoke of the actual condition of society; how the love of self was the dominating principle in the world, and would

always be so even among statesmen who thought of "*I*" before the good of their country.

"Just so," said I. "But Count Cavour stood out from the common herd. He had a mighty intelligence, a practical feeling for things. Having so seldom been with him, perhaps I am wrong; but for a prime minister he seemed to me too anxious to conciliate everybody. However diplomatic, in one conversation I had with him, I found he had a heart."

"I discovered the same thing," said Garibaldi, "the last time I saw him."

"Therefore I cannot understand," I continued, "how he, wishing, like you, the unity of Italy and its glory—"

"There you are wrong," he interrupted. "The unity, yes; the glory of our country, no. He had compromised it by his word. But perhaps he was dazzled by the vision of the sudden greatness of his country . . ."

So he continued, alternately blaming and excusing our illustrious and lamented statesman, whom, like many another Italian, he cannot pardon for the cession of Nice to France.

The post had arrived and with it many newspapers, some books, and quantities of letters. I have left off reading the papers, for I know

beforehand what they contain, and have therefore lost all interest in them. The books sent here are most welcome, and more than worth the postage money, for they serve to distract the mind from depressing thoughts, and to lull one to rest in the arms of Morpheus.

The letters are read; when the General has read them, I and Carpeneti write answers to them. Some of these letters fill one with indescribable emotion; others seem to give me the faculty of clairvoyance, so that I fancy I see the persons who wrote them.

I have before mentioned how successful Menotti was in his treatment of the cows poisoned by the *Ferola*. But Stagneti, who is a still more indefatigable doctor, has perfected the cure; and now, after a careful study of all the symptoms of the malady, treats it with success at every phase. He has besides, like all other professors of surgery, acquired a perfect indifference to the sight of suffering; he even judges of the state of the festering wounds on the cattle by smelling them. I accompanied him twice when he went to visit his patients, but I must confess I soon had to beat a retreat, the sight was so disgusting!

This is what I learnt from him. When the

animal has eaten the withered leaves of this poisonous plant in the months of July or August, the venomous juices, during the process of digestion, enter the blood and make morbid deposits in the viscera, or in other parts of the body between the hide and the flesh. In the first case, the beast swells and dies in a few hours; in the second, it may live eight or ten days.

During the month of May men can eat this plant, cooked on hot embers, and served with salt and butter it is excellent, its flavour strongly resembling that of asparagus and artichokes. The goats always eat it with impunity. Doctor Stagneti's patients stood with drooping heads and dark streaks of blood upon their coats. They were brought into the stable to be cured.[1]

This morning the General arose early and went to see the poor creatures that were in the doctor's hands. Stagneti was not in the stable; he had gone to Fontanaccia, expecting to find the General there. The General's impatient cry of 'Here, here, come here,' soon brought

[1] The Sardinian proverb Stagneti seems to have forgotten, "Bevi di miega e mori miserabile!—Whoever lives by the doctor dies miserably!"—(TRANSLATOR.)

him back. After having questioned the operator on the state of the sufferers, he said—

"Now take a pail of water and clean them well with a sponge. The secret of every cure is personal cleanliness. Go into the house and bring me some lumps of sugar."

When the cows and the calf had all been well washed and dried, he ordered clean beds to be thrown down for them, and then stayed himself to see them operated on. While this was being done, he stood by putting lumps of sugar into their mouths, gently patting their heads, and saying—

"Poor things, you also have your sufferings. Dreadful bodily pains instead of heartaches! Have not I also my *ferola* in the bad treatment of my comrades in arms, and in the sufferings of the people in Rome and Venetia?"

As I wished to collect some of the stems of this baneful plant, I set out early this morning in the boat to Point Galera, where I knew it abounded. My friends will use the stems for walking-sticks. Everything was bathed in the golden light of the rising sun, and a light breeze wafted my skiff lightly over the blue water.

I landed on the broken rocks, which awe the soul with their terrible beauty. I scrambled

over the huge granite boulders against which the furious breakers raged in vain, startling by my approach a large herd of goats, who darted off over the rocks with all speed. Climbing up the rocks, I soon found the plant I wanted. I cut a large quantity, stripped off the leaves and bound up the stems in a bundle, which I carried down to the boat. In my descent, I descried a lonely little cove on the other side of some rocks. I rowed the boat round into it. The sands here were strewn with coloured shells and beautiful corals, and I began at once to pick up the prettiest among them; but the water was so tempting that I soon left off collecting specimens, and finished my labours with a delicious bath. This done, I lighted my cigar, and was speedily lost in meditation. To be alone in that enchanted and enchanting spot! To enjoy indescribable emotions in the midst of such scenery! To murmur the names of those dearest to me in this world, thus inviting them to participate in the pure pleasure my heart enjoyed! . . .

In the afternoon I accompanied the General on a gardening expedition. Fruscianti directed and took an active part in the irrigation of the trees. The trenches we had dug to hold water

were gradually becoming empty; but they have served to save the lives of the olive trees, brought from Ascoli and the Abruzzi, during the long drought, and also to keep alive the carob, and fig-trees planted three years ago. The General gazed fondly at his pet plants through the smoke of his cigar, smiling at those that were shooting up vigorously, and grieving over those that had been dried up.

"In a few years," said he, "I intend to have a hedge of shrubs along this rough wall, to make a shelter for a chestnut wood, which in its turn will form a screen for my olive ground. Then it will be impossible for the wind to do them any damage."

We entered Fontanaccia, paid a visit to all the plants, passed in review every bunch of grapes, the fig-trees, and the red and white coloured Japanese pumpkins that I had brought. All these he examined affectionately.

"This," said he, "is the spot most dear to my thoughts. There are the almond-trees sown by Menotti and Teresita. Here is the vine Fruscianti and I planted. Lower down are my grafted stocks, higher up are your pumpkins. Out there, along the stony ridge, are the edible cacti, that we ate in Messina, Calabria, Naples, and Caserta."

After a moment's pause, he continued—

"The stream called the Vadina dello Stagnarello, that dashes from that mountain side during the rainy season, keeps me in constant anxiety about my plants. Look here at this row of fig-trees on its right bank. See how they shed their yellow leaves and withered fruit, because they have their roots in the water for six months, while for the remainder of the year they are dried up. Poor, thirsty plants, how I should like to be able to satisfy them! But how?"

We went to sit in their shade. We found that the ants had made a track along the stems and branches, in spite of my having offered them, a short time ago, the head of the buck with the metallic teeth that had been killed on the precipices of Tavolara. With a beetroot leaf we made these insect Ugolini change the object of their attack, sending them to devour the scalp of the Archbishop Ruggieri. Perhaps they will be so kind as to clean the skull and splendid horns for me.

On rising we retraced our steps, and strolled on towards the wall that incloses the garden in front of the house. The General, with my assistance, seated himself on the top of this

wall, and then giving his body a swing round, jumped down on the other side. I imitated him, laughing, and he said—

"When one has been a sailor, one learns a few useful tricks. As I cannot help myself with my gouty hands, I immediately thought of another way."

"Now, let us take a turn in our garden. I say *our*, because you, my dear friend Augusto, worked in it, helping to hoe the beans."

I laughed, remembering my misdeed at the beginning, and he continued—

"The roses that you planted are all withered. Caprera is not a place for flowers.

> . . . O mia selvaggia
> Arida e solitaria! I tuoi cespugli
> Sono il mio parco![1]

The sumach-trees Cortese sent me from Palermo, have done well. When you go to Genoa, I beg you will take the twigs of these shrubs. Any tanner will know how valuable they are."

We were only a few steps from the stable, where Stagneti was with his convalescent

[1] . . . Oh, my wilderness,
Barren and lonely! Thy rocks
Are my park!

patients. There was one calf pronounced cured. The General spoke kindly to it, and patted it. He told us to take it to the ponds, and let it go. We did so.

On returning to the house, we saw Carpeneti in the doorway, talking with three men of the Sarde light cavalry. They had heard that two bandits, or at least some men of bad repute, had landed in Caprera. We thought this a bad omen. They took leave, and we went to supper. Stagneti and I walked up and down in front of the house smoking till about eleven o'clock, and then went to rest.

Our conversation had been by no means gay. We had been discussing the condition of Venice and Rome, and by a natural transition we passed to our General, and to the feminine treachery that, by a horrible act, had saddened the noblest heart in the world. I lay dozing, one sad thought passing through my brain after another, and though I heard the dogs bark, and dash out of the inclosure, I dropped into a heavy sleep.

I was up at five o'clock next morning, and while drinking my coffee in the kitchen, the three soldiers we had spoken with the night before came in to make their report of what had happened during the hours of darkness.

When we went to supper, they had stationed themselves on the rocks overlooking the front of the house, lying down at certain distances from one another.

They said, "At three in the morning we heard the sound of approaching steps. We got up, and saw two men passing our post in the dark. Our sergeant called out, 'Who goes there?' One of the fellows answered with a shot. Then we all three fired on them, calling to them to stop in the king's name. Both the fellows then took to their heels, we pursuing them. On reaching the place where we had seen them, we found our balls flattened against the rocks, the impression of a bloody hand on the granite, and a short track of blood on the ground. Further on we saw more blood, indicating the way they had fled, a cotton handkerchief spotted with blood, a small horn powder-flask, containing powder. A wounded Sarde groaned out, 'Jesu Maria, *Joseph!* They were not bandits belonging to the islands, then, but assassins from the mainland!'"

When I told the General of what had happened, he said, with his usual calmness,

"Yesterday, a little before I went out walking, I saw from the window two strange men.

I thought they were two wretched Corsicans, who for twenty years past have been wandering about Sardinia, on account of a vendetta that has been perpetrated in their own country. They never did any harm here. They are friends of George Sanna's, who begged me to intercede with the king on their behalf, and get them pardoned. I have written twice to King Victor about them, and Sanna has lately sent me word that the unfortunate men would soon be coming to see me here."

He then went into the kitchen to speak to the soldiers, and try to persuade them that they had made a mistake. Then, accompanied by Carpeneti, he started off to take a long walk to see his vines.

The soldiers departed to make their report to the authorities of Maddalena. In an incredibly short space of time it was known to every one. The tale spread from mouth to mouth, improving as it went. The women screamed from the windows, "They have wounded our General; they have murdered him with one blow." Then followed a general rush to the port, and a contest for the boats. The women were not able to cross the Straits of Moneta. The civil authorities (clergy excepted), the soldiers, the

marines, the custom-house officers, and citizens of every rank, even to the boys, landed all in arms at Caprera, and rushed to the house. I thought I was again on the esplanade of the royal residence at Caserta, when we were there to protect the unity of our country.

Bells were now rung on every side to give notice of what had occurred. Two squadrons were sent to search the island; it was a work of love, all having but one desire at heart, that of insuring the safety of the most noble, of the most indispensable, life in all Italy.

In the meantime two Government schooners made the tour of the island. One of them saw a vessel making for Capo Ferro. They sent orders at once to ascertain who all the people were on board her.

Two nights before, Battista Ferrasciolo, aroused by the barking of his little dog, had heard the sound of voices near his house. He called his daughter, and she, going to the entrance, saw the little dog run off barking furiously, in spite of all her efforts to recall him. This occurred at one o'clock in the morning. Who in Caprera would be about at such an hour? However, in spite of all our efforts, no trace has been found anywhere in Caprera of the assassins.

The next day Garibaldi said to me, "Will you be so kind as to read aloud to me this morning? I want to hear again my favourite poems of Ugo Foscolo. They are magnificent, and you will have as much pleasure in reading them as I in listening."

I did as he requested, but I had not read many lines ere I observed by the movements of his lips, that he was repeating them softly to himself. He knows them all by heart!

"How often," exclaimed he, "has this poetry soothed me when in pain! In fact, I have read it so often that I have it all in my head. You must have it too; Menotti, try and learn it thoroughly. The noble sentiments these lines contain are medicine for the heart;" then turning to me, he said, suddenly, "Vecchj, I should like to know what is your opinion on suicide."

"I think it the act of a coward or a madman. A man not utterly bereft of reason ought to take council with himself, so as to control the feelings of the moment."

"Oh!" . . .

It was evident from this that we were of the same opinion, so I asked him to allow me to recite to him my hymn to death.

HYMN TO DEATH.

"All hail, consoling Angel! thou art still
The hope of life, the end of human ill;
The base, who fear thee, shun thy hollow eyes;
But I will sound thy praises to the skies.

"Thou'rt like a mother, full of tender love,
When thou dost ope God's golden gate above,
The warrior welcomes thee; for on his breast
Thy hand writes honour—glory crowns his rest.

"When brooding sorrow clouds the young girl's face,
Who knows no more her living love's embrace,
Thou dost console her with thy freezing kiss,
And glad she passes to the realms of bliss.

"In vain the guilty man would strive to flee
From stern remorse—'tis thou dost set him free.
The weary exile greets thee, far from home,
And martyr'd patriots proudly bid thee come.

"Thy hand dost screen the trembling despot's head—
For suffering nations war not with the dead.
Thou dost preserve him from the rising ill,
Yet fool and ingrate he would shun thee still.

"But thou, oh Death! may be my rival; thou
With icy touch may press my loved one's brow,
Yet pause awhile, hurl not thy fatal dart,
To wound my soul, and pierce her tender heart.

"Come when thou wilt, kind friend, I'll welcome thee;
This world's frail joys but phantoms are to me.
Her fatal gift, unask'd, thy sister gave:
Come, take it back, and give instead—a grave!"

When I had done, he said—

"Yes, you are right; it is the only true consolation for the suffering in this world. Those are new ideas of yours, Vecchj!"

I am glad to say the General's new house will soon be finished now. The outside is plastered, and now the windows and inside

fittings are being put up. The rooms are papered, and we begin to arrange the furniture.

He thinks two antique Capuan vases, that we put up on brackets in the parlour, make the place look too luxurious for him. But I will not listen to him, for everybody ought to see these trophies from San Angelo. I shall always remember with pleasure the day we dug the foundations for this new wing to the house, and the ceremony we had when the first stone was laid. Stagneti and I held it up, while the General with his own hand threw in the cement, then we all drank a glass of water to the durability of the wall that was about to be raised.

Yesterday, returning from Maddalena—where I had been dining with our good friend Roberts—a contrary wind caused us to hug the coast off the islands, when Basso observed a brigantine, that had been sailing before the wind, suddenly stop, and lower a boat, which some fine sunburnt fellows began to pull towards Porto Militare. We lay to, awaiting them. They turned out to be a captain from Catona and his crew; who, finding themselves near Caprera, did not like to pass without stopping to pay their respects to its illustrious hermit.

I demanded their papers. The brigantine was the property of the captain, who commanded her; and he himself was a good patriot, who had suffered in the cause of liberty, to which all his letters and testimonials bore witness. He was taking a cargo of sulphur to Cette, and he asked us to give him some fresh water on board. We told him to cast anchor alongside our boat, and that the next day he should have as much as he wanted.

To-day they all went ashore. The General has ordered them to be supplied with water, tomatas, melons, and cucumbers. They could not see the munificent donor; he was away in the cultivated part of the island.

One of the party, an old sailor, said to me in his vernacular, with tears in his eyes, and trembling lips, "Chisso è lu trono du re nuostre?"[1]

And the captain, knowing us all to be friends of Don Ciccio of Villa San Giovanni, asked me for a letter of introduction to him. This Don Ciccio was the man who had guided us through the country from Reggio, acting, besides, as commissary, and assisting us in every way in his power.

[1] "Is this, then, the throne of our king?"

The General, being again laid up with the gout, sent for me this morning. He asked me to give him my health, which is flourishing. We remained for some time in silence; and I saw, by the expression of his benevolent countenance, that a painful thought had crossed his mind. Not wishing to annoy him with useless questions, I forebore to ask him what was the cause of it. I judged that the pain he suffered had overcome his wonted patience. He first broke silence.

"You must be quite weary of Caprera, Vecchj?"

"I, General! How can any one be weary here, near you?"

"Ah! you flatter. . . But you like the company of ladies, and here there are none."

"Yes; but you are everything in yourself —the reason of Adam joined to the exquisite tenderness of Eve. I won't speak of your other qualities, not to wound your excessive modesty."

Another pause. He looked grave and stern. This time it was I who spoke first.

"General, you want something to distract you forcibly . . . for example, if you could mount on horseback at the head of an army—"

"Eh! then certainly my sufferings would soon belong to others. This morning, Vecchj, I have been absorbed by one thought, which I cannot get rid of—the treatment of my poor soldiers." And then, with considerable bitterness, he began to enter into some of the details that particularly wounded him. Our conversation was interrupted by a call to dinner. It was impossible not to sympathise with him, and with them.

To-day the royal family of Tavolara returned. The civil authorities also came from Tempio to congratulate the General on his escape, accompanied by George Sanna and his two sons, Ignatius and Committo, who came to tell us that the two bandits who had been seen on the island were not the Corsicans they had recommended to the General. These men had never left their hiding-place. A telegram arrived from Genoa, asking for an account of the attempt, and for assurances of the safety of the first man in all Italy.

The Government alone was silent—neither sending a despatch of condolence, nor even a vessel to guard the coast of Caprera, to prevent the renewal of such an attempt. Let us hope such strange conduct will soon be explained!

The post has come in, and also many interesting visitors, among whom are Teresita and her husband, Canzio. They had not been here since their marriage. We had great rejoicings. The General, who had been much cast down of late, was quite revived by the joy her presence occasioned him.

Teresita ran at once to the piano, and began to play. The General, little by little, forgot the pain in his knee, and calling for Arucena's song in the "Trovatore," began to sing it. His daughter sang with him. The delightful time, when we used to have a vocal and instrumental concert every evening in Caprera, seemed to have returned.

Several cases had also come, containing presents for the great man from all parts of the world. We opened one box, and found within a case made of precious woods, containing a sword of honour sent by the General's worshippers in Melbourne, in Australia, with an address from their deputies, James Smith, A. Martelli, B. Dardanelli. There was also a little book, containing the names of the subscribers, and the cost—300*l*. On the hilt, which is of solid gold, is sculptured Italy arisen —her chains broken asunder, brandishing aloft

the sword of Spartacus, and cleaving the coils of a serpent. On the guard that protects the hand is a brilliant in the shape of the star of Italy. The scabbard is of green velvet.

The General examined it attentively, then turning to me, he said—

"This is the first sword on which I have seen our revered *Mother*—Italy—represented as I always see her in my thoughts. 'The Niobe of nations,' sword in hand, animating her sons to redemption or death."

I read him the letter that accompanied the splendid gift, and he said—

"Tell them that my heart responds to their words."

I took up the pen, and wrote his acknowledgments, which he signed.

Next morning I found the General in better spirits. I gave him a little volume of poetry, entitled "Les Garibaldiennes," written by a young French peasant, named Caillet. He was as much pleased with it as I had been when I read it aloud the evening before to our assembled friends.

The sun rose on the 18th of August, gilding the crags all around; and I also arose, but with a heavy heart, because this day I had to leave

Caprera. The inexorable steamer *Italia* was there waiting for me. How fast time flies! The days I have passed with the General seem like minutes — days never to be forgotten, filled with affection and grateful remembrance—days that will cast a halo around my otherwise useless existence!

C. AUGUSTO VECCHJ.

CAPRERA,
August 18*th*, 1861.

THE END.

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